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Why was the Hatter mad?

(Still more apologies to Lewis Carroll)

"Have some Guinness," the March Hare said, in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table but there was nothing on it. "I don't see any Guinness," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then why did you offer me some?" said Alice, indignantly. "You must be mad!"

"I am," said the March Hare. "So's the Hatter."

"Why?" asked Alice, interested in spite of her vexation.

"Because we can't get any Guinness," said the March Hare. "That's enough to make anyone mad."

"And why can't you get any Guinness?" asked Alice.

"Too late. After hours," said the Hatter, and relapsed into silence.

"But you could have ordered some to drink at home," said Alice, who was a sensible girl.

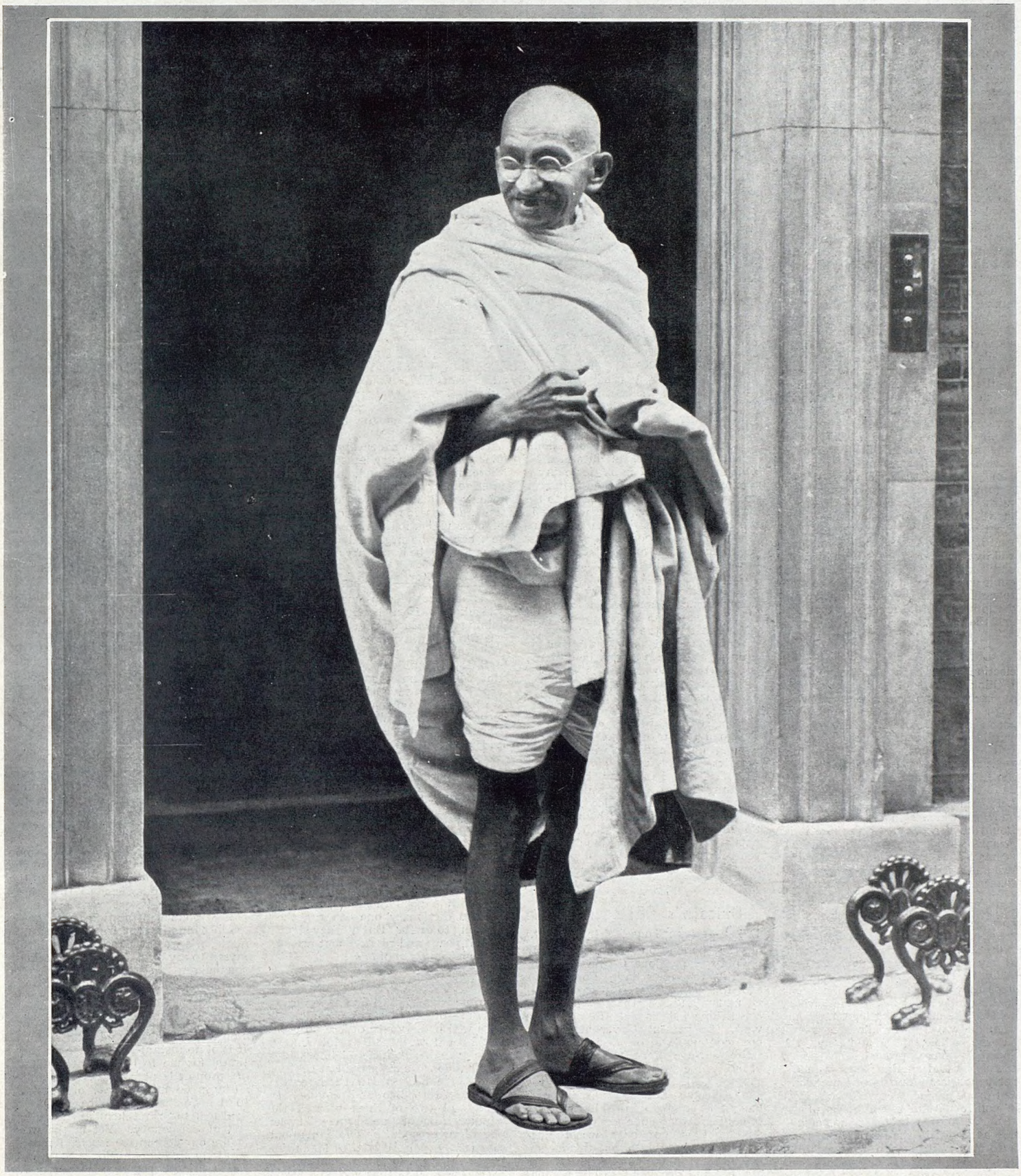
"There!" said the March Hare. "We never thought of that. That just shows you how mad we must be!"

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.317.A

Volume CXCII No. 2505 The SPHERE, London, February 7, 1948

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



WHEN GANDHI CAME TO LONDON—THE INDIAN LEADER, WHOSE ASSASSINATION HAS SHOCKED THE WORLD, SEEN ON THE STEPS OF 10, DOWNING STREET AT THE TIME OF THE ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE IN 1931: The Mahatma was killed on Friday, January 30, as he walked to a New Delhi prayer meeting

Three shots fired at point-blank range by Nathu Ram, a Hindu Brahmin from Poona, killed Mahatma Gandhi in Delhi last week, and so ended the career of the most outstanding and controversial figure in the history of modern India. Less than a fortnight before his death Gandhi had embarked on a fast unto death, only bringing it to a close when he received assurances of co-operation from Hindus, Muslims, and Sikhs, and it was felt throughout the world that he had demonstrated his personal ascendancy over his fellow-Indians as never before, probably averting war between the Dominions of India and Pakistan. As soon as the news of Gandhi's assassination became known, tens of thousands of Indians flocked to Birla House to pay tribute to their leader, and at his funeral by the banks of the Jumna, where his body was turned to ashes upon a sandalwood pyre, there must have been close upon 1,000,000 mourners. Clues suggesting that the murder of the Mahatma was plotted by an extremist Hindu organisation are now being investigated, and nearly a score of suspects have been arrested. (See also page 163)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Gandhi—Saint and Martyr.

—Gandhi's murder was mourned as a world disaster. The act of a madman swiftly ended the fine and useful life of a man already far beyond man's allotted span and obviously near his end. Yet probably Gandhi's influence for good was never so strong in India as when he died, and might have turned the scales during the vital two years which follow it. Perhaps his example may still be potent to avert the disaster of civil war. He was a great man, a saint and a pioneer, more consistent, I suppose, than any public figure of our times. He knew what he wanted and he did not want it for himself. Only the other day, I remarked how the influence of a saint and a good man still shines, a little candle, in a naughty world. But let us not forget that in the past decades we did not always worship Gandhi. He was not an attractive figure to those who never felt his charm. We have called him a bore, a poseur, an obstructionist, a charlatan, in our time. Now we all acknowledge him as one of the greatest figures in world history. As such, he was an obvious target for a madman's bullet. As such, we should assess his merit against the background of the lawless, passion-ruled world in which he lived, with all its shoddy standards and prejudiced opinions, its myopia and its selfishness. I was deep in de Noüy's *Human Destiny* when I heard of his death. The book might have been written round him and of him. He is the exemplar of the argument. Still, in spite of the masses' retrograde subjection to ancestral instincts, they are responsive to the great virtues of pity, fairness, charity. And it may be that Gandhi's influence will live ten times longer than his body and that his "wake" will light and guide us over our stormy sea once more towards the harbour of simplicity and discipline, and of respect for mankind and the pledged word.

Camlachie.—The Glasgow by-election deserves a short note; not, I think, a note of triumph. It was anybody's game in a rather ridiculous dog-fight staged before a not very enthusiastic electorate. There were six candidates; a handkerchief divided the two protagonists, and all the four "casuals" lost their deposits—with the Liberal, as usual, last of all. If it had been a tussle between two, Left and Right, I don't pretend to know to which side the useless votes would have accrued. But there it is. Socialism's splendid record is smashed. It has lost a by-election at last, after two and a half years of very harsh and concentrated legislation, after two and a half years of ever-increasing chaos and crisis, political and economic. And now that the record is lost, the achievement of it over two and a half years looks the more remarkable. It remains to say that the Socialists have been lucky in the vacated seats refought since they came to power. Socialism is still pretty solid in Socialist strongholds. The main swing back has come from the wavering middle classes and, on the whole, I should say, the Socialists have proved the better strategists and special pleaders in the party political campaign of broadcast and propaganda. Possession of power in politics is still seven-tenths of the law. It affords better weapons and the last word in the argument. Both sides may well pray to be saved from their most fanatical supporters, but the Conservatives suffer most from the words and actions of their last-ditchers, who still hanker after the faded flowers of a summer which is gone for ever.

Forces Food Cut.—I am all against rash weakenings of our defences, but I confess I could not follow Mr. Eden's reasoning when he objected to the Government's decision to reduce the rations of our home forces to the level of intermediate civilian workers. The battle to-day is economic, a battle for industrial production. We have our backs to the wall of bankruptcy. The workers in the heaviest industries are the front-line men, and no one can argue that the recruits in the forces—hard as they are often worked—need as much strength-building food as the miner and his kind. It is very different whenever and wherever our forces are called upon—as in Palestine—to fight. Then and there the best of everything is not too good for them. But in training at home it cannot be cogently argued that the recruit is enduring a greater physical strain than the agricultural worker and many another in categories of industry involving prolonged and arduous exertion. It was good to hear of the average recruit putting on pounds in weight. But luxuries to-day must give way to necessity, and I dare say the military weighing-scales may still supply encouraging figures. Indeed, this is a Government decision which, exceptionally, the Opposition might have let pass unchallenged, for I doubt if the general public will "rise and mutiny" over it. It should have been made earlier.

THE MAN WHO DEVALUED THE FRANC—M. RENÉ MAYER, THE FRENCH FINANCE MINISTER, WHO, DESPITE BRITISH PROTESTS AND THE PERSONAL INTERVENTION OF SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, MADE THE FRANC 864 TO THE £ AND INTRODUCED A FREE MARKET IN PARIS FOR HARD CURRENCIES: M. Mayer's measure led almost immediately to a crisis in the French Cabinet, the Socialists refusing to support the plan for a free gold market until accompanied by the order to withdraw 5,000-franc notes from circulation. After three days of negotiations, during which Premier Schuman pledged his unqualified support of the Bill, it was finally passed in the National Assembly

Britain's Effectives in 1970.—By 1978 one-fifth (20 per cent.) of the population of Britain will be old-age pensioners. So said Mr. Griffiths the other day. Forty years ago the figure was 6 per cent. It is understandable that, with these astonishing statistical forecasts in view, the present Government does not contemplate or desire a rigid retirement-age limit. Healthy men of sixty-five will be encouraged to carry on, if they so desire, for the good of the State, for their own happiness, and for the blocking of promotion for younger men. No doubt, it is not only world wars which have brought about this alarming increase in the coming percentage of "old and decayed" in our population. There are other factors which should alleviate the shock. None the less, it is a fact which requires to be reckoned with in advance. We live in an era of youth; the cry is for youth at the helm and energy at the oar; and we can clearly see that twenty years hence or so, if our population be in the neighbourhood of 45,000,000, its effective, front-line strength will have to be reckoned as something as small as it was a century ago. The planners in industry must plan with these figures in mind, as would a Montgomery planning his battles and estimating his availables for the firing line and his inevitables on the lines of communication. Logistics of this sort cannot be neglected in any type of campaign, be it military or economic.

Benelux.—Benelux has arrived. It is neither a soap nor an electric gadget. It is a portmanteau containing three European countries. We get used to these time-savers at last. We would not part with C.P.R. or A.B.C. Undoubtedly, they save time. But you will note that most of these expedients to save time in speaking are born in those centres which waste most time with talking. The Stock Exchanges and the diplomatic circles and military staffs are all nuts on coffee-housing. From them come the bulk of the rumours, the smoking-room stories and the canards which wing their way round civilisation, and they are the most fecund parents of the portmanteaux. It does not follow that the coining of Benelux will hasten the day when a Western Union is translated from theory to practice. There are groups of initials which stand for many a peace-making organisation, and with a good memory or a very modern dictionary one can run their meaning to earth. But all they signify is that peace and resettlement are still in the initial stage of *talk*.

Oscar Slater.—The "romance" of crime is as hard to find as snakes in Ireland—of murder, above all. It were well if the youth of the post-war world could accept this truth. *Interest* there may be in doubtful issues in a criminal court, and in the last century there have been a few such murder trials. Of these Scotland provided the bulk, and two of them secured the middle verdict of "non-proven" under Scots Law procedure. The Ardlamont case (1893) and the trial of Madeleine Smith (1857) for the murder of Angelier ended in that verdict. Oscar Slater's 1909 trial ended in a conviction, a reprieve, and at long last an annulment with compensation. If ever there was a case for a "non proven" verdict, it was the last. The trial was a travesty of justice, the rehearings were prejudiced, authority has never yet wholeheartedly accepted Slater's innocence, though it tardily admitted a trial full of faults, a widespread miscarriage of justice and gross "coaching" of the principal witnesses; Lambie and Barrowman, on their journey to America to identify Slater. The evidence against Slater would not have hanged a dog in a properly-conducted investigation and trial, and, indeed, Slater was only brought under suspicion by a cruel coincidence, instantly proved to have no bearing on the presumption of his guilt. Thanks to Conan Doyle and William Park, these travesties were exposed and at last admitted. Monson died long ago, Madeleine Smith died between wars in America in the odour of sanctity. Now Slater is dead and his secrets die with him. Of the three suspects, Slater was, *facile princeps* (guilty or no), a judicial martyr. A thousand guilty murderers have been rightly acquitted from lack of sufficient evidence.

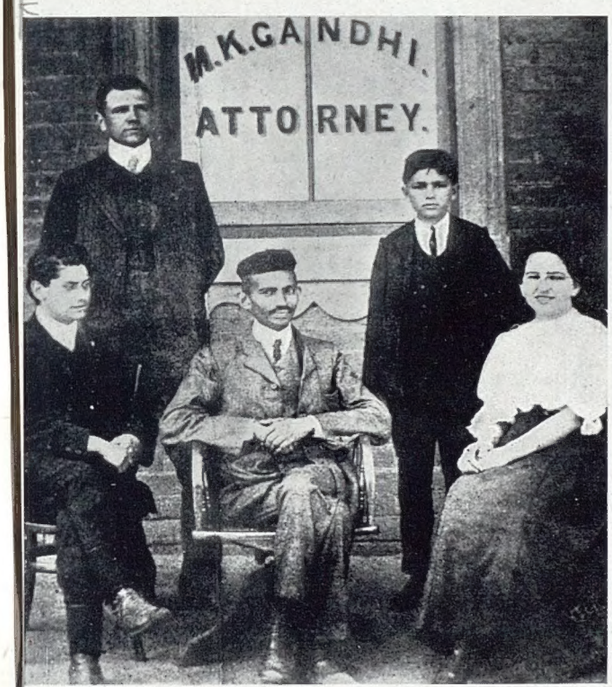
Wastepaper.—I read another urgent Government appeal for paper-saving. As a writer of books and a lover of good books, I prick up my ears; for I know for what uses paper is urgently required, and to what redundant uses it is being put. In the end, public opinion has some effect. I believe our letters to the Press have at last influenced the P.A.Y.E. squander-fiends. It is three months since I last received those useless pounds of stationery to guide me in deducting tax from my tax-free gardener's wages. And now I address myself to my local authority, a reckless squanderer. I sit on a Standing Joint Committee. I am concerned only or vitally with matters germane to a magistrate. It is vital to me to know the details of the Chief Constable's confidential and other reports. It is of no instant importance (in these times) for me to have printed details of proposed new W.C.s in police cottages 60 miles away, of flagstaffs to be erected in Police H.Q., or dentures for caretakers at the other end of the county. Yet in the week before our committee meets, I receive regularly six long envelopes containing thirty printed pages of agenda. We should gain, not lose, if the C.C. *read us out* his confidential report. But a machine is a juggernaut. It must grind out in large, it cannot be expected to differentiate, to reason, to select. And so this waste of vital paper goes on unchecked and I drown in a sea of print and typescript. This is business efficiency, as it is understood in central and local government in Britain.

THE OLD STAGER

Episodes in the Life of MAHATMA GANDHI

THE MASTER AND HIS CHIEF POLITICAL DISCIPLE : The late Mahatma Gandhi talking with Pandit Nehru, first Premier of the Indian Dominion, at a meeting of the All-India Congress Committee in Bombay in 1946. Nehru has been a firm believer in the Mahatma's policies, and has constantly sought compromise with Pakistan

THE MAN INDIA REVERED : Gandhi walking in the grounds of Birla House, Delhi, on his seventy-eighth birthday in 1947. With him are Abha Gandhi (left) and Dr. Nayyar (right), one of his medical attendants. Gandhi was born at Porbander in 1869, the son of a native official, and after studying in London, where he was called to the Bar, became a lawyer in Bombay



WHEN GANDHI WAS A YOUNG ATTORNEY : This picture was taken in South Africa in the '90's. Gandhi went there professionally, and at once became active in the interests of the Indian settlers. Deploring violence, he inaugurated in the Union the use of non-co-operation and passive resistance as political weapons and, for twenty-three years, carried on the struggle. He was imprisoned in 1913, but in the following year signed the Smuts-Gandhi Agreement. After doing ambulance work in the 1914-18 war he returned to India

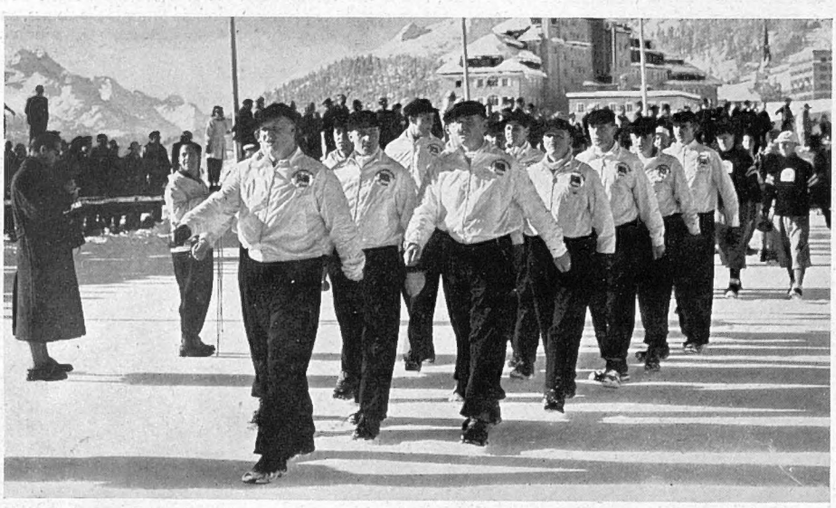
MAHATMA GANDHI IS BORNE TO THE BANKS OF THE SACRED RIVER JUMNA : The body of the dead leader sprinkled with rose-petals as it was conveyed through the surging crowd of mourners. *Below*—A general view of the procession showing the flower-decked bier. The huge pyre was lit by Ram Das Gandhi, Gandhi's third son, and the cremation took place in the presence of Earl Mountbatten, Governor-General of the Indian Dominion, Pandit Nehru, and a vast throng estimated at 1,000,000 people. The crowds pushed and jostled to such an extent that those round the pyre were pressed towards the flames, and there were scenes of indescribable mass emotion as mourners sought to obtain ashes as souvenirs

AFTER MEETING THE BRITISH CABINET MISSION : The Mahatma leaving the Viceroy's House, New Delhi, in April 1946, when he had a long conversation with Lord Pethick-Lawrence and his colleagues

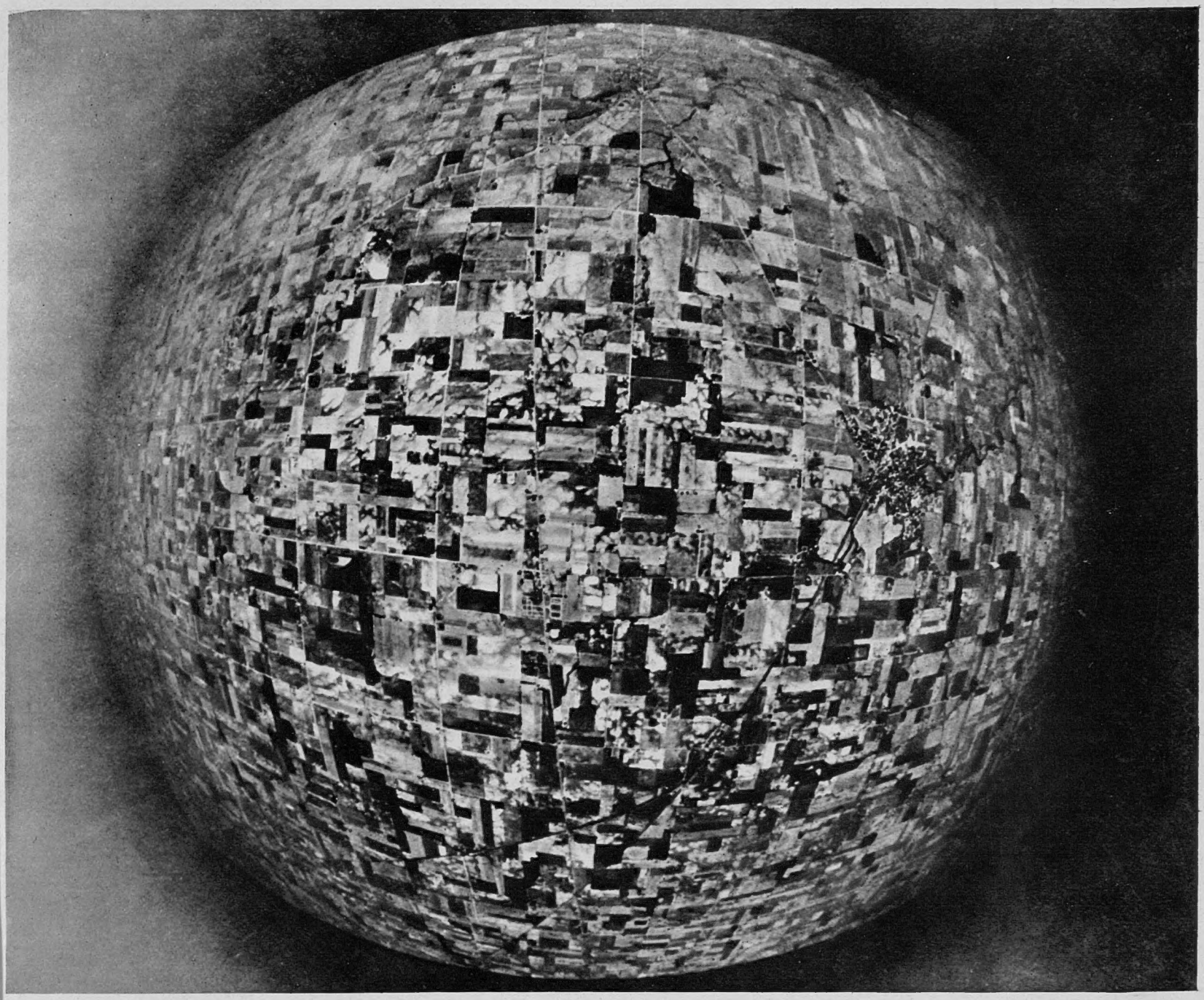
THE INAUGURATION OF THE FIFTH OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES: Looking down on the arena a St. Moritz as the teams forgathered for the ceremony conducted by Dr. Celio, presiden of the Swiss Confederation. The ceremony took place in brilliant sunshine. *On left*—Th Olympic flame being kindled in the stadium. It will remain alight throughout the Game

THE OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES

Open at St. Moritz



MARCHING IN THE OPENING PARADE AT THE ST. MORITZ OLYMPIC STADIUM: *Left*—British competitors entering the arena. *Right*—Three of Canada's girl skate in the procession—Barbara Ann Scott, Marion Ruth Take and Susanne Morrow. Nineteen-year-old Miss Scott is Women's Figure Skating Champion of th World, and like Sonja Henie, who captured the Olympic title in 1936, now faces a Hollywood career. Among the first events to be decided at this Fift Winter Sports Olympiad was speed skating, at which Norway showed herself to be clearly superior. In the 500 metres F. Helgesen, of Norway, create a new Olympic record. Last week-end there was also a downhill ski race in which Henri Oreiller, of France, and Franz Gabl, of Austria, defeated th strong Swiss challenge. The two-man boblet races were also held, but the British crews did not do so well as was expected

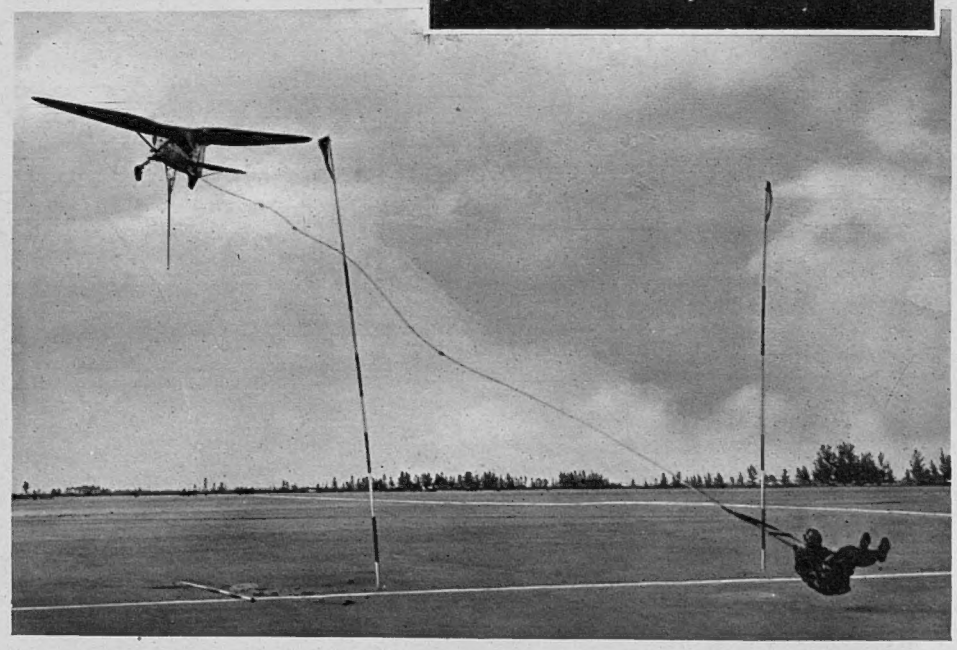


INTRODUCING A NEW LENS IN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY: This view of Dayton, Ohio, famous for its cash registers and its Origin-of-Species trial, was taken from a reconnaissance plane at a height of 10,000 ft. The camera was fitted with a wide-angle lens recently introduced by the United States Bureau of Standards. The area covered by the lens is about four times that covered by the normal lens, and it gives Dayton and its surroundings the appearance of a giant golf-ball. Effective exposure is at maximum in the centre and decreases towards the edge. The lens will make reconnaissance operations a much easier matter in future, and it will not be necessary to build up such elaborate mosaics

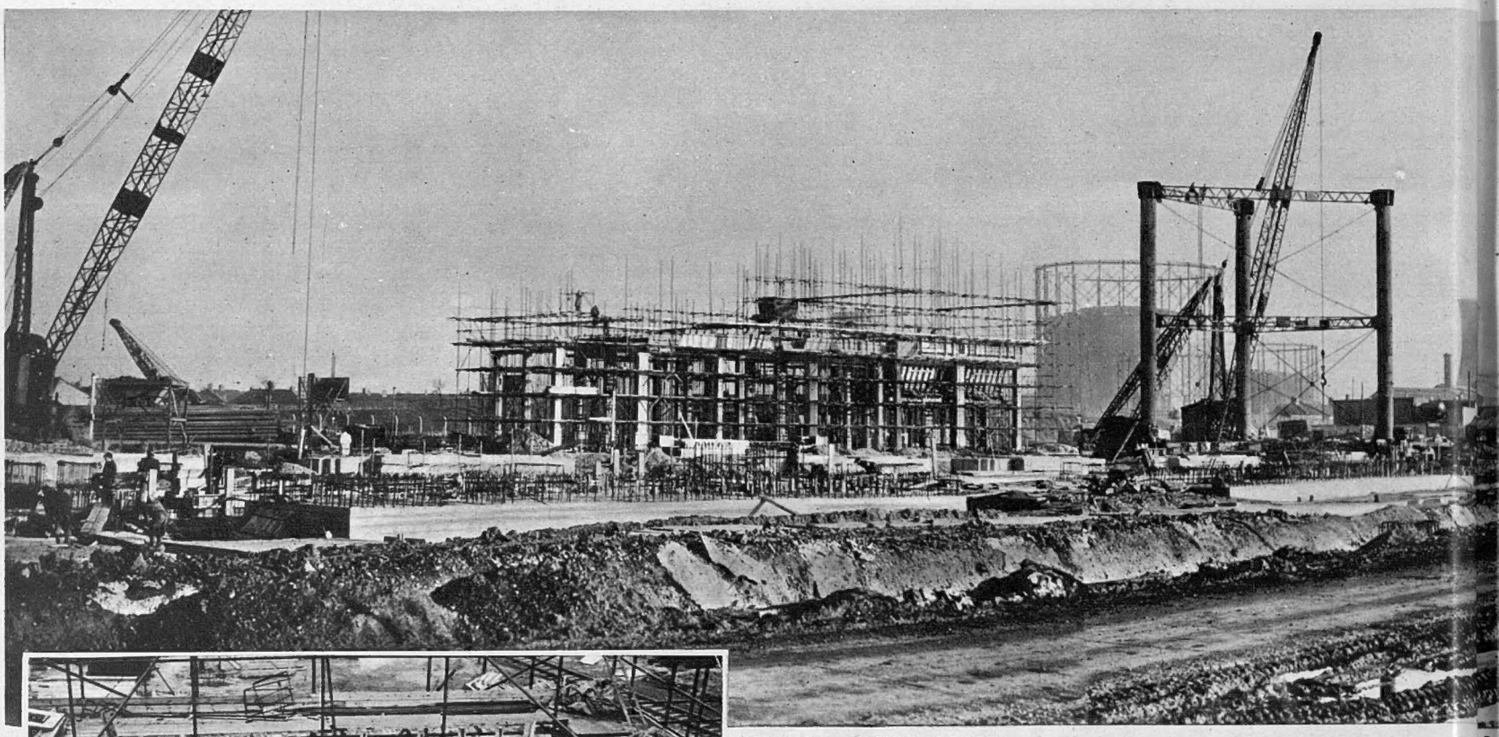
DAYTON FROM 10,000 FT.

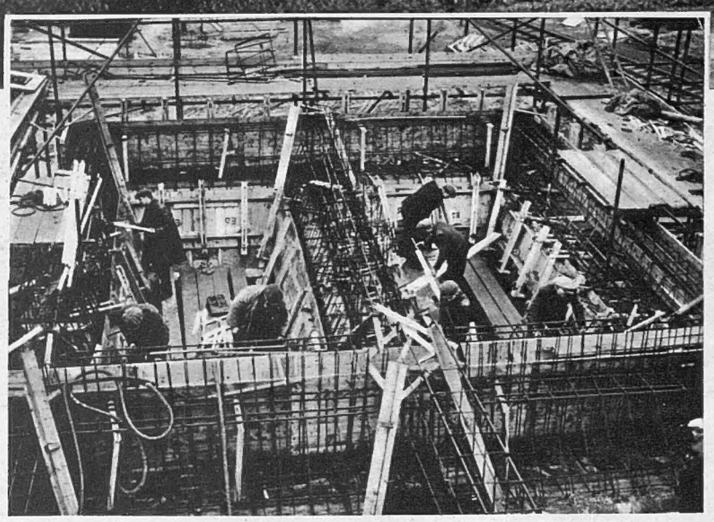
The Latest Aerial Camera Gives a New View of a City and its Environs

IS THIS UNIQUE IN THE ANNALS OF AVIATION? When this plane crashed on a roof-top at Waukegan, Illinois, the pilot, Kenneth C. Thomas, of Elgin, Illinois, was charged with being drunk in charge of the plane. There were other charges, too—that of reckless flying and carrying a passenger without the necessary licence. Thomas crashed a few moments after taking off from the ice on a nearby lake, the plane hitting a tree before coming to rest on a roof, with its tail pointing into the air. Both the pilot and his very shaken passenger escaped with abrasions, but Thomas spent the night in the police station



BERNIE CAIN DEMONSTRATES THE HUMAN PICK-UP: Wearing a special nylon harness to which a steel ring is attached, this daring aviator is caught up by the hook at the end of a nylon rope suspended from the plane. After being lifted from the ground, he is hoisted to safety aboard the machine by means of a windlass. Cain, who has been demonstrating the technique at the All-American air manœuvres at Miami, Florida, says that when taking off from the ground, the sensation is really no greater than moving forward in a car in low gear. Jerk is almost entirely eliminated, and the great elasticity of the rope trailed from the plane is the key to the whole problem





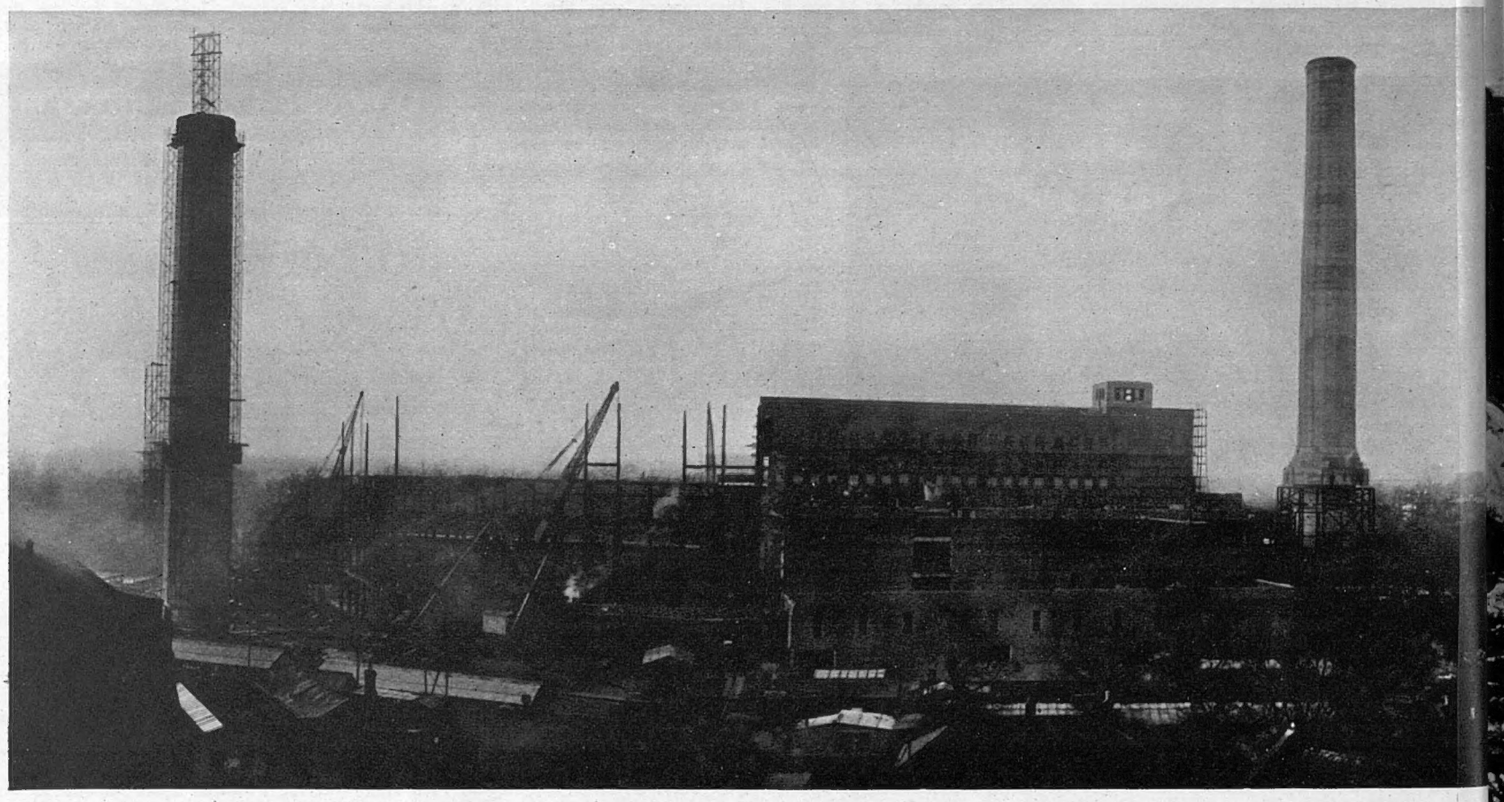
CROYDON'S NEW POWER STATION: A general view of construction work in progress on the new "B" station which is expected to be in commission in the winter of 1949 and will supply power to the Central Electricity Board's grid system in the southern area. Croydon "B" will have an ultimate capacity of 315,000 kw. It is situated near the airport

CONSTRUCTING HOPPER BOTTOMS FOR THE ELECTROSTATIC GRIT PRECIPITATORS: Men at work on the Croydon "B" generating station now rapidly taking shape in the vicinity of Croydon Airport. The station, which lacks the river transport facilities of many of the London plants, will have large sidings

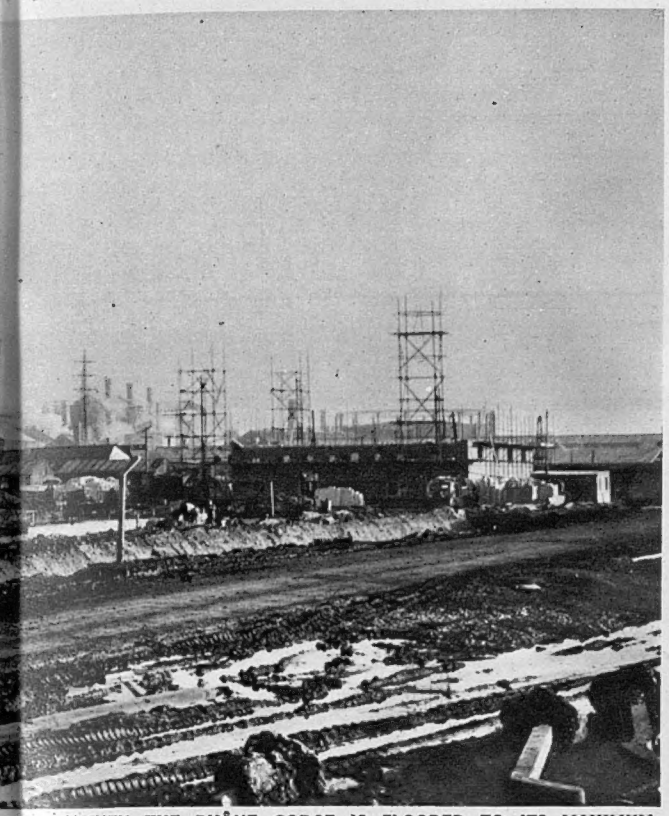
THE QUEST FOR POWER

New Generating Stations Under Construction in Britain and France

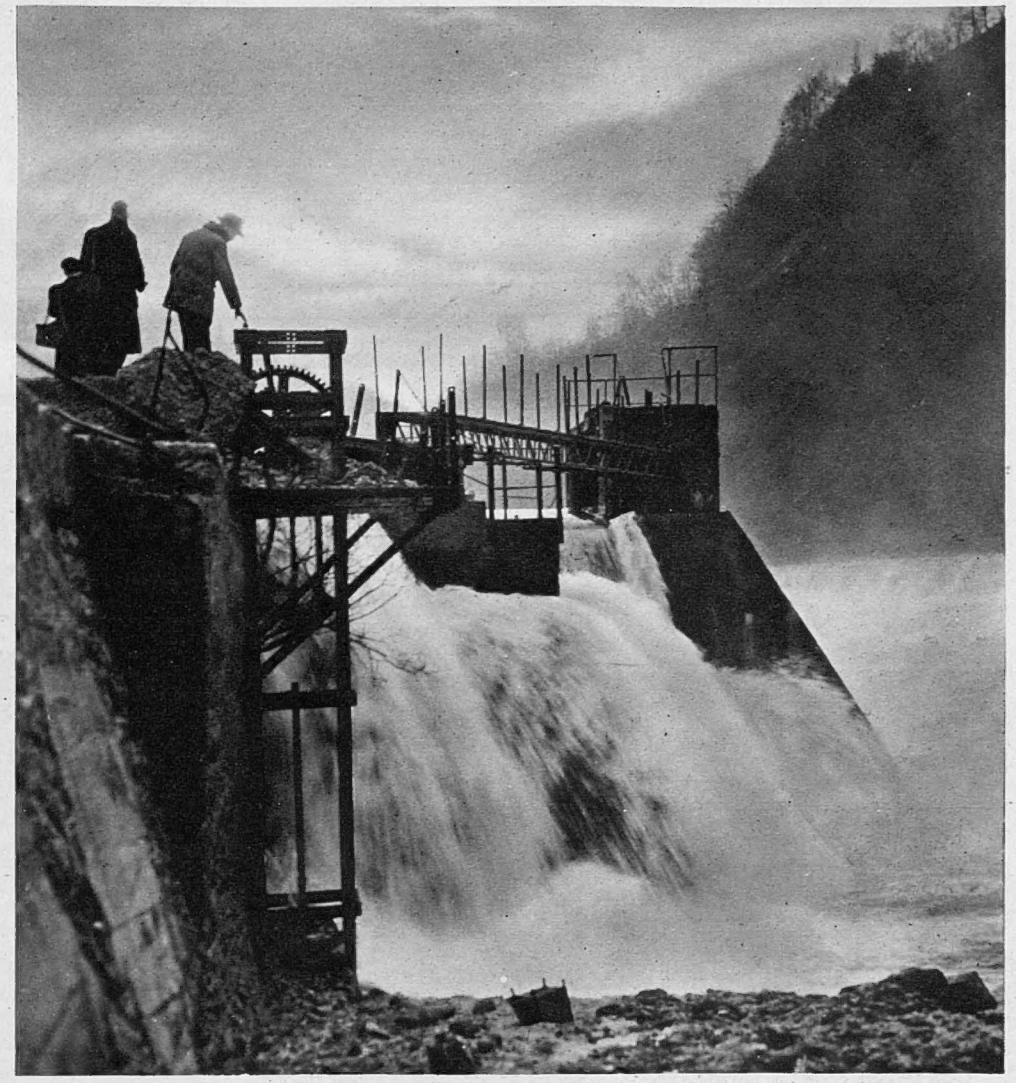
Plans for the extension of Britain's electrical power resources between 1948 and the winter of 19[illegible] envisage the provision of thirty-one new generating stations and nearly 10,000,000 kw. at [illegible] estimated cost approaching £450,000,000. Eighteen new stations should be completed by [illegible] winter of 1950, but at the moment the programme would appear to be considerably in arrears. [illegible] the new power stations in the south those at Croydon and Kingston are going ahead particularly rapidly, and it will not be long before one-half of the Kingston plant is in operation. The quest for power is going on in every part of Europe, and France has a particularly elaborate programme [illegible] harnessing the swift-flowing waters of the Rhône and some of the mountain torrents of the south-east. The biggest dam in connection with the Rhône project is at Génissiat, nineteen miles from the Swiss frontier and 100 miles from Lyons, and already the barrage is in partial operation with the waters of the Rhône forming behind it an artificial lake. Some recent pictures taken at Génissiat, which will supply power to the great factories of Lyons, are reproduced on the next page



THIS WILL BE ONE OF THE FOUR NEW CAPITAL GENERATING STATIONS IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND: The twin towers and power houses of the new Kingston station, which when completed will produce 120,000 kilowatts towards the increasing demand for electric power. The first section of this station will soon be ready to begin production. The right-hand section of the station, it will be seen, is now almost complete. Kingston will form part of the great chain of stations rising on both banks of the Thames, including Barking, Blackwall (projected), Bankside (enlarged), Battersea, Lots Road and Wandsworth. Special arrangements are being made at Kingston to minimise the effect of chimney dust and smoke emission, an aspect that has often been neglected in the pa



Below—**WHEN THE RHÔNE GORGE IS FLOODED TO ITS MAXIMUM HEIGHT THIS HIGH-LEVEL BRIDGE WILL BE NECESSARY TO DEAL WITH CROSS-RIVER TRAFFIC: The bridge is being built above the Génissiat dam near Bellegarde and consists of a single graceful arch stretching between the rocky walls of the gorge.** At the end of January the French Minister for Industry and Commerce, M. Robert Lacoste, visited the dam and the hydro-electric power station and, by closing a sluice on one of the diversion channels, performed the first act in the gradual creation of an artificial lake which will eventually stretch 19 miles. The barrage itself, which was illustrated in THE SPHERE of July 5, 1947, is 330 ft. wide at its base, decreasing to 105 ft. at the top. It is 330 ft. in height, and when finished will have absorbed over two million cubic feet of concrete. The artificial lake behind the dam will be 2,700 ft. at its deepest. To allow for draining when the Rhône is swollen as a result of the snow melting in the mountains of Savoy, a special outlet canal has been constructed. The hydro-electric station is composed of six groups of alternators supplying 1,600,000,000 kilowatts per hour



THE RHÔNE BEGINS TO RISE BEHIND THE BARRAGE OF GÉNISSIAT: This picture was taken as the waters were released along the main channel after having been diverted by dam-construction operations. During the next few months the water will gradually fill the entire gorge

SEAN MACBRIDE DEFIES FIANNA FAIL

A New Figure in Irish Politics

By FERDINAND TUOHY

AN Irish politician, Mr. O'Duffy, not long since made the daring observation that Eire was the luckiest country, being farthest from Europe and nearest to America. His premise could well prove false in this atomic age, yet Southern Ireland continues to strike the wanderer from points east, for her felicity of life and the happiness on the faces of the people.

The architectural grace and charm of Dublin continues to be a fit frame for this scene. And why should they not be happy, indeed? On top of the relative abundance of oranges and bananas, sweets, cakes, meat, onions—all off the ration—now clothes and shoes have ceased to require coupons, while the butter ration has shot up to 6 ozs. a week. But you can go in and buy as much "non-creamery" butter as you like at 2s. 8d. lb., while bacon likewise appears to be in unrestricted supply.

Petrol, fuel and lighting having also come off the ration, all I can see still on it are sugar, tea, bread and the aforesaid creamery butter. The one retrograde move on the *vittels* side since I was last here eighteen months ago concerns eggs, which are now 4s. a dozen. But you can buy as many as you are able to carry. I make no apology for opening on the food gambit, since it forms the main topic almost throughout Europe, and here, in Eire, hits one straight in the eye.

If prices are high—notably for meat and coal—there are ways round them. For example, any amount of salted meat, pigs' heads and trotters, can be had at a cheaper rate. For cheaper coal, it is necessary to blend rare British with the dearer and more available American variety. This produces a current Dublin "crack" by a coalman, who explains to a critical housewife: "It 's Welsh coal, but it burns with an American accent, and you 're paying for the accent."

Some visitors—say, from the Dominions—prefer to look below this surface felicity. They see children bootless and in rags, and too many "drink-shops." As regards the former, I am convinced that many Irish children prefer to kick around shoeless and dirtily-garbed. The pubs have nothing like the tale to tell, inside, that their prolific number might suggest. Except "the wine of the country" (Irish whisky) spirits are above the pockets of the average person, who drinks porter.

But, now, into this happy-appearing land has come a new look, and it is one of restlessness and discontent. You have heard of its inceptor, Sean Macbride, and by the time this appears, should know what he has achieved. My guess is that he will lead a highly nuisance party of about 25 members in a Dail of 146 seats. It could be enough to put De Valera and the other parties right off their stroke. But that is guesswork, so let us to an examination of the New Irish Look.

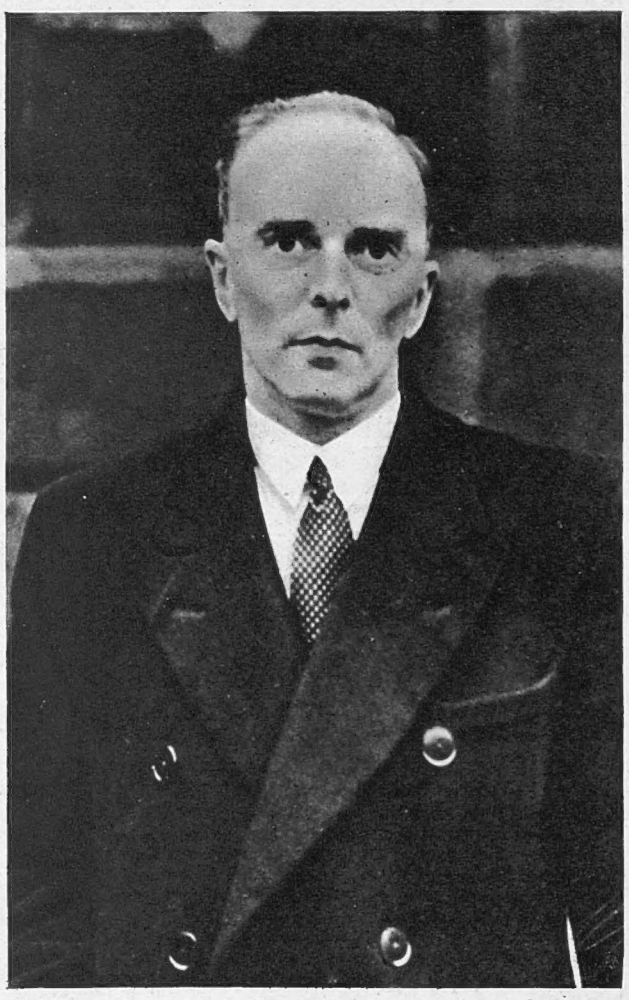
You meet it on the quayside of the Liffey, just along from my hotel. Some days before the Election, Clann na Poblachta, the new party, is still confined to one small headquarters room of a house with "Bed and Breakfast" on the door. The atmosphere of pipes, cigarettes and turf-fire is overpowering. But it doesn't prevent the small staff of zealots working at top speed over meetings and literature.

It is even pointed out that the poverty of surroundings disposes of the stories put around by the established parties, to the effect that the Clann is a Fascist affair financed by rich industrialists. It certainly shows few external signs of cash, yet it is impossible to say where camouflage steps in, with budding political parties.

Instigator of the New Eireann Look, Sean Macbride, has a rich personal background in the sense of lore. He is a quiet-spoken lawyer in the early forties, distinctly Latin-looking in a pale, dark, sharp-featured way. At first sight you would say he hadn't got the "go" to lead a revolutionary party. But then, one harks back quickly to his parentage—and anything is possible in the son! One grandfather commanded a British cavalry regiment. Sean's father fought as a major for the Boers, and was executed as a leader of the 1916 Rebellion. The new leader's mother is none other than the still-living Maud Gonne, famed beauty of her day, and stormy Republican, who has passed into lore as Yeats's ideal, Kathleen na Houlihan.

Macbride himself commanded groups of the I.R.A. when still in his teens. He was later in and out of prison as an extremist, and held on ten years longer than De Valera before agreeing to work constitutionally. In the past ten years Macbride added a brilliant career at the Criminal Bar to his spectacular record as a national figure of the old Sinn Fein, ever-in-revolt texture.

He has assembled a strange mixture around him: doctors, teachers, professional men, business heads, and not a few cranks and what the Americans call "soreheads." These groups are "sick and tired" of "Dev," each for their own reason—and it is an eloquent fact that De Valera's own people, the teachers, have turned against him, in Dublin, at any rate. The intensified anti-inflationist policy of the Government has had a good deal to do with the revolt, but there are several other elements. Macbride feels that "Dev's" will never be the way to get an all-Ireland Republic on its feet, and he represents a growing community—especially among the young—who think Eire is getting bogged down. Now is the time, when all Europe is moving to new forms! This accounts for Macbride's most original proposal—to name Northern Irish Senators and M.P.s to sit in the Dublin Parliament. He says he is only against the "bigots of Stormont," and that the great majority of the Protestant North are people ready to collaborate with the South.



SEAN MACBRIDE, LEADER OF CLANN NA POBLACHTA, WHO PUT 93 CANDIDATES IN THE FIELD FOR THIS WEEK'S IRISH ELECTIONS: Macbride, a barrister with a good practice at the criminal bar, was at one time in the I.R.A. and held out against constitutionality for some ten years longer than de Valera. His father was executed in the 1916 rebellion after previously fighting for the Boers, and his mother, who is still alive, is the celebrated Maud Gonne, patriotic stormy petrel and for many years goddess of W. B. Yeats's adoration, and inspiration of his Kathleen na Houlihan. His paternal grandfather at one time commanded a British cavalry regiment; some journals say the Lancers, others the Hussars

Macbride is against further emigration, and here he gets a backing even from some clergy—very important people in Eire. The movement to England has now gained the young women, as well as the young men, and Macbride says the only way to stop it is to increase wages so that these come nearer what is offered in dearer Britain. The Clann would encompass necessary economies by scaling down Government expenditure. But the financial programme is on the vague side, since it would have to find considerable money in an unorthodox manner to cover higher spending on subsidies, free fertilisers, a flock of power stations, social services, and a higher minimum wage.

"Old-Age Pensions at 65 years—26s.; Family Allowances to Widows and Orphans; A National Housing Board; A Just Family Living Wage." Such are the high-lights of Clann election literature, and an interesting fact is that Macbride supports the social policy launched by the Bishop of Clontarf. Any support that the Clann (which can mean "People's Party" or "Republican Party") can draw from the Catholic hierarchy could be the most important of all, since it would contradict Fianna Fail's charge that Clann na Poblachta is Communist.

This is staunchly denied by Macbride, but the plain fact is that he has all sorts under his call, and may not himself know the true orientation of each who uses his banner. The policy of the Clann seems to be deliberately kept in an imprecise form so that it may be changed and trimmed to meet changing circumstances. There is not much doubt but that many of the young men who welcome the new leader with blazing bonfires, barrels and torches, have fellow-traveller sympathies not far underneath.

Will the Pilot be dropped after all these years?—nearly sixteen, to be accurate.

One had somehow thought that "Dev" was in office for life. But his opponents, among them Fine Gael and Labour (which goes by another clann, "Clann na Talmhan"), argue that the country has got into the habit of voting for a man instead of a policy, and that it must stop.

Fine Gael is Cosgrave's old party, now reduced to thirty deputies. It is led to-day by General Mulcahy and is the most favourable in outlook, to the British point of view. Fine Gael stands for relationship with the British Commonwealth, the Marshall Plan, and the United Nations.

Mr. De Valera's Fianna Fail wants to break with the Commonwealth gradually. Where Labour stands in this matter is not quite clear to me; but Macbride definitely wants to get free of all ties, and to be a small, independent little land on the sidelines of Europe. He says he is not hostile to Britain and ready to continue trade and food negotiations, though on a better rate for Irish farmers. Nor is he the only one to insist on this future stepping-up of prices.

The loud-speaker vans are coming out again on the quays. And I am due to attend a "monster meeting" at Doyle's Corner. But Dublin takes it all very quietly. A couple of nasty murder cases seem to have exercised the capital almost as much as politics. Perhaps many people understand how well off they are, compared with almost all other Europeans, and refuse to be unduly roused by political cries from discontented and disgruntled quarters.

Part of the New Irish Look does derive from origins such as personal discontent and being "sick and tired" of individuals. It is hardly a healthy background to the stern business of altering the economy of a nation in highly perilous times.

THE MAN WHO HAS GUIDED IRELAND FOR SIXTEEN YEARS: Eamon de Valera, American-born Irishman of a Spanish father and an Irish mother, faced his greatest challenge at the polls this week. Previous to this his party, the Fianna Fail, had won six successive elections in the Free State

One view which gains ground is that the four main parties will finish so close to one another that a second election will be necessary later in the year, at which Mr. De Valera would submit a plebiscite, doing away with P.R., which has consistently damaged his prospects.

If "The Pilot" wins this election, it will be the seventh in succession, and he proposes in that event to leave almost at once for the United States, in order to thank that country for its protection, and also to see how the Eireann economy may be improved from American sources.

Meanwhile, it is a remarkable spectacle, this, of the man whom foreigners thought of as the immovable idol of his country, finding all the other parties resolutely set against working with him, and he as determined not to enter a coalition with any of them.

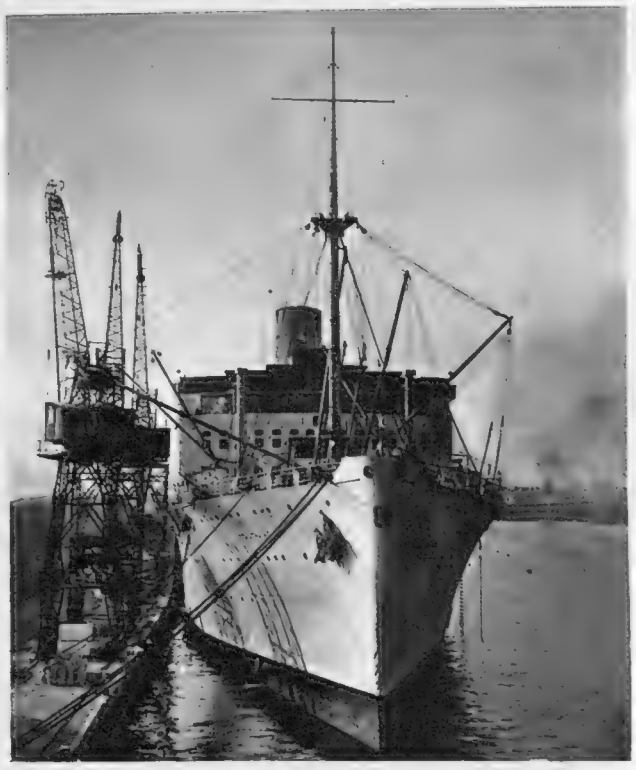
LINERS HEAD SOUTH TO THE SUN

The "Andes" Leaves for South America, and the "Strathaird" for Australia

Though now nearly nine years old, with 600,000 miles on her log, the Royal Mail liner *Andes* started out on her maiden commercial voyage when she sailed from Southampton towards the end of January carrying with her a full complement of passengers on a voyage to South American ports. It was the fate of the *Andes* to be completed just when war was declared. All her lavish appointments were removed, and for seven years she sailed as a troopship to the United States and the Commonwealth, but never to South America. Her recent refit occupied ten months, the work being done by her builders, Harland and Wolff, of Belfast. *Andes* is now one of the most luxurious liners afloat. Many who are making the present trip in the liner are combining business with a cruising holiday. Clifford Richards, brother of the champion jockey, Gordon Richards, is among the passengers, and there are also several honeymoon couples on board. Another liner heading south for the sunshine is the *Strathaird*, which has lately been converted from trooping. She will be returning to Britain with the Australian Test team.

THE "ANDES" SETS OUT ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE AS A PASSENGER SHIP: The 26,000-ton Royal Mail liner leaving Southampton at the start of her voyage, and (*inset on left*) passengers taking dinner on the first day out. At table fifty-two sat Mr. and Mrs. David Barnes, a couple from Newbury, who are making a honeymoon voyage in the liner. The "Andes" has 320 first-class staterooms, each having portholes on the sea, and each having a bathroom or shower

THE "MALOJA" IS TO BE AN EXODUS SHIP: The P. and O. liner at the Royal Albert Dock, London, where she is being prepared to take settlers to Australia. Together with the "Ranchi," the "Chitral," and the "Mooltan," she will take 3,700 immigrants under the Commonwealth's settlement scheme. Before the war the *Maloja* was one of the best-known liners on the Australian service, maintaining a high standard of comfort. The problems of Australian settlement have been in the forefront of the news recently, and it has been pointed out in leading Australian papers that unless there is a speed-up in immigration the decrease in population will reach alarming proportions by 1960



THE "STRATHAIRD" RETURNS TO SERVICE: The 22,500-ton P. and O. liner which has just completed an extensive refit at Vickers Armstrongs yards at Walker-on-Tyne and has left on her first post-war commercial voyage to Egypt, India, and Australia. A noticeable change in her silhouette is the disappearance of two of her three funnels. The *Strathaird* is the third of the P. and O. liners converted for passenger use following trooping

BLOCKS OF ICE CHOKE THE HUDSON RIVER : A powerful tug is seen pulling a naval vessel through the floes near Ossining, New York State. Last week New York was in the grip of a second great cold spell, and in a blizzard which raged along the Atlantic seaboard there were 132 deaths

THE HUDSON RIVER IN WINTER'S GRIP

Chicago and Niagara Also Involved in a Second Great Cold Spell

The eastern seaboard of the United States, undergoing its second great cold spell, has been full of tall stories, most of them with more than a germ of truth, and all of them relating to the weather. A Boston newspaper reports that students who tried living in an Eskimo-style ice-house at Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, to fit them for the rigours of an expedition to the Far North, declared that the temperature was 10 degrees warmer than outside.

In New York, where the freeze-up has been almost as great as it was at Christmas, there are no goloshes left in the retail shops, and tyre chains are £10 a pair in the grey market. Meanwhile, California has been sweltering in sub-tropical heat after thirty-one rainless days, but those who would fly there from New York have been prevented from doing so by ice-bound airfields which have immobilised the bulk of air transport. On January 25 all flights from LaGuardia Airfield (New York) were cancelled, and the *Queen Elizabeth's* sailing was delayed thirteen hours. Many trains were running up to eight hours late.

The blizzard in the eastern States last week spread as far south as Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia, and even New Orleans was struck by severe snowstorms. Tuscaloosa (Alabama) had 8 ins. of snow, and in Vicksburg, Mississippi, a record low temperature for the central States was recorded. Fifteen inches of snow fell in central and southern Ohio, and at Cincinnati the Ohio River was blocked with ice. In New York State the Hudson was completely frozen, and the two pictures on this page evidence conditions just before and after the great freeze-up. For a while shipping was kept on the move in the Hudson with the help of powerful ice-breakers, but even that expedient had to be abandoned eventually.

On left—**THE HUDSON IS COMPLETELY FROZEN OVER : Lighthouse-keeper Laureat Leclerc walking across the frozen river to the lighthouse which stands in the centre of the tideway at Tarrytown, New York State. He carries with him an oar as a safety measure, as it would enable him to maintain a hold in the event of falling through an ice-hole. The freezing of the Hudson is a serious matter, as the river is linked by canal with Lake Erie, Lake Champlain and the Delaware**

THE COLD BREATH OF WINTER—A JANUARY DAY IN FREEZING CHICAGO: Steam rises from the Chicago River and from the city's industrial area in the background as warmth from the water and from industrial plant meets the 10-degrees-below-zero air. Chicago was not by any means the coldest place in America, however, several towns on the eastern seaboard recording over 30 degrees below zero. Montpelier Junction, which lies in the centre of a plain in the northerly State of Vermont, recorded 45 degrees below zero

WINTER'S TRACERY AT NIAGARA FALLS: A delightful winter scene looking across Luna Island. It was exactly ten years ago that the celebrated Niagara Falls Bridge was wrecked as a result of ice-floes which, after pouring over the Falls, piled up against the bridge and sent the structure hurtling into the gorge. The twisted steelwork had later to be blown up by dynamite. There are half-a-dozen bridges across the Niagara River above and below the Falls, but this one was unique, as it afforded visitors to Buffalo a direct view of the mighty cataract. In cold weather guards now keep a constant watch on the Niagara River in order to prevent a repetition of the 1938 disaster

A COLD RECEPTION FOR THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH": The Cunard-White Star liner being nosed into her berth by tugs which had guided her through the ice-choked waters of the Hudson River to her Manhattan pier. The "Queen" was delayed for a whole day by heavy storms, and entered the harbour in temperature below freezing. Conditions in the Hudson delayed the turn-round of the vessel for her next west-east crossing of the Atlantic

AS BRITAIN PREPARES TO WITHDRAW FROM PALESTINE: *Left*—Government workers sorting out some of the many files at the Public Information Office, George Avenue, Jerusalem, in order to have vital statistics copied. *Right*—The copying of the documents in progress. When they have been transferred to microfilm the original volumes will be burnt

A News Survey in Pictures

FROM EUROPE and the NEAR EAST

For more than a quarter of a century Britain has administered the affairs of Palestine under the Mandate of the original League of Nations, and that thankless task, with its almost daily incidents, its continuous bloodshed, has involved the building up of vast files of information, records of administration which it is neither intended to bring to Britain nor leave behind. Before the retrocession of the Mandate, therefore, tens of thousands of feet of microfilm are being used in recording vital pages from these files, so that in the days to come Britain will have direct evidence if called up to account for some particular phase of her stewardship. At the moment the plans for evacuation of Palestine are not going ahead too smoothly, as there is considerable congestion at the ports. It is thought that the British Army may have to destroy a great deal of equipment, or arrange for its disposal to local authorities in Palestine.

A MISSION OF MERCY—SHEIKH YASSEIN BAREI, LEADER OF ARAB FORCES IN THE OLD CITY OF JERUSALEM, HEADING A CONVOY OF AMBULANCES THROUGH THE ARAB QUARTER OF THE OLD CITY: **Within the ambulances were thirty-five aged Jewish invalid women from the old Bichur-Cholin Hospital, and by heading the convoy the Sheikh assured its safe conduct through an area where there have lately been incessant gun battles.** The patients were removed to a Jewish quarter of Jerusalem, the Sheikh handing over the convoy when it had passed safely through the Jaffa Gate. He is seen in this picture accompanied by his Arab bodyguard and by a British major

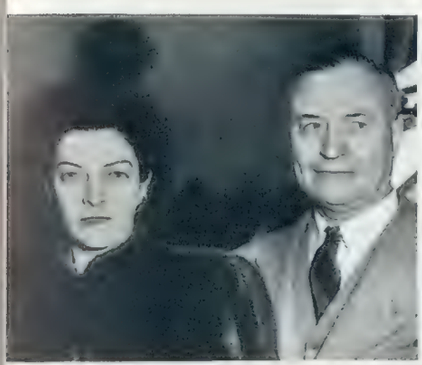
AFTER AN ARAB-JEW AFFRAY IN WESTERN GALILEE: **A Bren gun-carrier and an ambulance evacuating Jewish wounded from the settlement of Yeghiam, which was attacked by Arab raiders between 300 and 400 strong.** The ambulance is about to use the bomb-damaged bridge, but the driver of the carrier is wisely making a detour. Eight Jews were killed and twelve were wounded in this attack. There have been very similar attacks on the northern borders of Palestine

PRINCESS ANNE OF BOURBON-PARMA JOINS EX-KING MICHAEL OF RUMANIA IN SWITZERLAND: The Royal couple driving through the streets of Davos in ex-King Michael's jeep. The Princess left Copenhagen early in January, made a short stay in Luxembourg with a relative, and met ex-King Michael at Davos on January 23. A member of ex-King Michael's entourage confirmed recently that the couple have been engaged since December 6

THE DANISH ROYAL ROMANCE WITH A DEMOCRATIC FLAVOUR: Prince Oluf Christian Charles Axel, youngest child of Prince Harald of Denmark and cousin of King Frederick, with his fiancée, Annie Puggaard Muller, daughter of the head clerk at the Danish Finance Ministry, Copenhagen. Their marriage was due to take place on February 4, and the honeymoon is to be spent in the United States. "I resigned from the Army," Prince Oluf says, "because I can see no future in a military career. I may now apply for a wholesale dealer's licence"

KING LEOPOLD AND HIS FAMILY LEAVE FOR A HOLIDAY: Princess Josephine Charlotte (wearing glasses), Prince Baudouin, the Princess de Rethy and King Leopold seen as they set out from Geneva for Lisbon. King Leopold, his wife and the Crown Prince have since sailed from Lisbon in the Dutch liner *Sommeladijk*. They are to spend a three months' holiday in Havana. Princess Josephine Charlotte left her family at Lisbon, and is now staying in Morocco. Before King Leopold's departure he had an interview with the Belgian Premier

THE BRITISH TEAMS FOR THE OLYMPIC BOB EVENTS COMPLETE THEIR TRAINING AT ST. MORITZ: *Left*—**Wing-Commander W. Coles, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., leading his bob crew round Sunny Corner during a practice run at St. Moritz for the Olympic bob titles, which are being decided this week-end.** *Right*—**Wing-Commander Coles acting as steerer in one of our boblet crews.** The boblet competitions were decided on January 30 and 31. The British teams, consisting of R.A.F. personnel, are using two-man boblets and four-man bobs built for them by a well-known firm of aircraft manufacturers. During trials the boblets had to be sent to Brussels for modification to the runners, but the crews were able to practise on them for four or five days before they competed for the Olympic titles



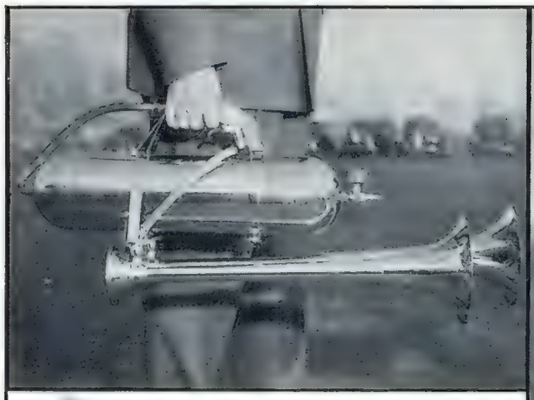
TO TAKE OVER THE COMMAND OF AMERICA'S MEDITERRANEAN FLEET: Vice-Admiral Forrest P. Sherman with Mrs. Sherman aboard the liner "America," as they set sail for Europe. Vice-Admiral Sherman, who was formerly Deputy-Chief of Naval Operations in Washington, will have eighteen ships under his command, including the 45,000-ton aircraft-carrier *Midway*, three cruisers and twelve destroyers

THE WRECK OF THE FUNERAL SHIP: The 7,176-ton U.S. Army Transport "Joseph V. Connolly" heeling over after she had been abandoned in mid-Atlantic, following a fire in the engine-room. The vessel was on her way from New York to Antwerp with about 5,000 empty coffins for the return of American war dead. The fire started when she was about 900 miles east of New York. Twenty-seven survivors, in two boats, were rescued by the U.S. Transport *Gen. R. Callan*, and nineteen, in two other boats, by the 7,606-ton *Union Victory*. The two rescue vessels were ordered to postpone their voyages to Europe and to make for Halifax

AMERICA'S NO. 1 CREW GOING ALL OUT ON THE ST. MORITZ BOBSLEIGH RUN: Jim Bickford, Tommy Hicks, Don Dupree and Bill Dupree rounding Sunny Corner during a trial run prior to the Olympic bob contests. This team completed the course in 1 min. 18·7 secs.—a fast trial

A LUNG OPERATION IN PROGRESS IN A PARIS HOSPITAL—AN UNUSUAL PICTURE OF SURGEONS AT WORK IN LAENNEC OPERATING THEATRE: Concentrated round the patient and beneath the lamp in the centre of the picture are Dr. Clarence Craaford (left centre, with mask), the prominent chest and heart specialist from Stockholm, his French assistant, Dr. Robert Monot (centre, wearing glasses), and (back to camera) Dr. Olivier Monot, a second assistant. The theatre sister is on the right, where she presides, with inventory, at the instrument table

THE MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN ACTS AS BRAKEMAN: Riding in one of the latest boblets, he is seen going down the Olympic course behind Max Ippen, the No. 1 Czech driver. The Marquess has been taking a keen interest in the preparation of the British team for the Olympiad, and he himself has been out on the course regularly. When this picture was taken the two-man boblet was approaching Sunny Corner



HILTON TUPMAN CROSSES THE ROAD : A Los Angeles car-dealer demonstrates a pedestrian safety-first horn. Mr. Tupman's invention consists of an oxygen tank, hose and a pair of bus horns. A trigger release on the air hose at the handle releases 500 lb. air pressure to sound the horns, which can be heard a mile away. The equipment weighs 6 lb. and the air supply can be replenished at any garage. This elaborate device may aid the pedestrian, but it seems somewhat clumsy

ODDITIES AND ENDS

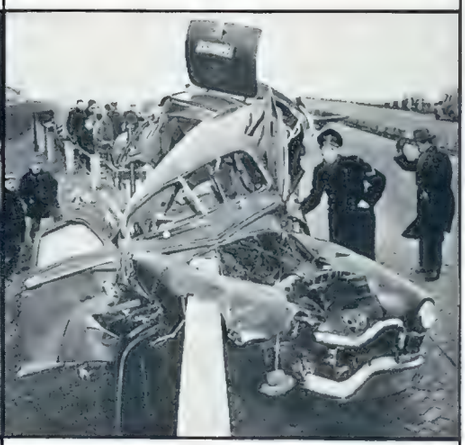
From America, the Zoo, and the Golf Course

PENGUINS' PARADE : One of the London Zoo's courting couples. The penguin pool at the Regent's Park Zoo is the scene of this romantic incident. Already ten penguins have paired off and are busy building new homes

SING-HI, SING-LO AND A SILK HAT : Young stump-tailed monkeys from China. The silly season picture of a very small cat in a very large boot is rivalled by the very small monkey in the very large hat

STREET SCENE IN LOS ANGELES : A Diesel locomotive of the Santa Fé Railway overhangs a 20-ft.-high parapet. The driver of the Santa Fé's four-unit Diesel locomotive *El Capitan*, Engineer F. A. Hurst, said, "Just didn't stop" after it had broken down the posts, crossed a driveway and smashed its way through a 3½-ft. parapet

"IT WRAPPED ITSELF ROUND A TREE" : A flippant remark describes a true incident on an Ohio highway. The driver was seriously injured when his car skidded on a road near his home town and literally wrapped itself round a tree. This remarkable picture gives the impression of there being two cars involved in the accident



THE DRIVER ESCAPED WITH INJURIES : What happens to a car when it hits a wall at 80 m.p.h. It was reported that the driver of this wrecked car was nineteen years old and under the influence of drink when he hit a low wall on the Hague-Utrecht Road. The passenger was killed

On left—**NURSES ON ICE : Juniors of St. Francis Hospital, Peoria, Illinois, give a helping hand to Sister Mary Joseph, a graduate nurse at the hospital**

OVERCOATS FOR COWS INCREASED THEIR YIELD : "Queenie Sandfield" wearing her jute and wool-lined rug. Her milk yield rose from 2 to 6 gallons a day. Mrs. Barbara Woodhouse, of Stoke Mandeville, in Bucks., has discovered that dressing her sixteen dairy cows according to the weather has greatly increased their milk yield. In cold weather they are given good warm rugs ; in wet, they wear waterproofs, and in summer, they wear cotton. "Queenie Sandfield" was bought as a throw-out from a big herd. She has produced 1,000 gallons in 300 days

THE MECHANICAL CADDIE : Reg Horne, Hendon professional, brought the trailer model back from America ; the pusher type, used by his assistant, belongs to a club member. Golfers have their problems these days—expenses are high, balls are difficult to get, no basic often means no golf and caddies are scarce. They will become more scarce if the older ones are directed to essential industries and the mechanical caddie is a practical answer to the problem

THE L.S.T. 3501 BATTLES THROUGH MOUNTAINOUS SEAS : Looking along the bows of the Australian naval transport as it met severe gales on approaching bleak, glacier-capped Heard Island in the far south of the Indian Ocean. Here members of the Australian Antarctic Expedition of 1948 landed their stores, hoisted the Australian flag, and set up a wireless station, a meteorological station and a post office. Heard Island lies 2,400 miles from Fremantle, West Australia, and was last visited between the years 1929 and 1931 by the British, Australian and New Zealand Antarctic Expedition led by Sir Douglas Mawson, the veteran Australian explorer

THE AUSTRALIAN FLAG IS HOISTED ON HEARD ISLAND

Completing the First Phase in the Commonwealth Antarctic Expedition of 1948

GROUP-CAPTAIN STUART CAMPBELL LEADS THE CHEERING : The Commander of the Australian Antarctic Expedition, 1948, is seen standing at the foot of the flagpole after the Australian flag had been hoisted on Heard Island, the sub-Antarctic outpost which is one of the bases of the expedition, and which may become a permanent weather station for the Australian Government

THE FIRST PARTY ASHORE AT ATLAS COVE : Members of the Australian Antarctic Expedition stepping ashore on Heard Island, the first human beings to set foot there since Sir Douglas Mawson and his party left in 1931. Heavy gales at first made the unloading of heavy stores a hazardous operation

The year 1947 witnessed the start of a new period of activity in Antarctic exploration, with Britain, Australia, the United States, Argentina and Chile all organising expeditions to the Far South. America's expedition, under Admiral Byrd, produced some spectacular geographical discoveries, and now the Australians are following suit with a less elaborate but hardly less important expedition aimed at wresting economic and scientific secrets from the vast territories comprising Australian Antarctica. The first phase in this latest expedition, which is led by Group-Captain Stuart Campbell, has been the establishment on lonely Heard Island of a meteorological base, and the pictures on this and the following pages show the first landings and the setting up of the camp. Heard Island, lying 2,400 miles to the south-west of Fremantle, is 25 miles long, 9 miles wide and covers 100 square miles. It is inhabited by elephant seals, penguins, ducks and rabbits, and it possesses very little vegetation and no trees. Group-Captain Campbell, after establishing the base on Heard Island, left fourteen scientists in charge of the post, and has since returned to Australia, where he has supervised the repair work to the headquarters ship *Wyatt Earp*, which was badly damaged when setting out for Macquarie Island, site of the second sub-Antarctic base. He also conferred with the Australian Government regarding the scope of future operations. It is understood that Group-Captain Campbell is shortly coming to England with a view to acquiring further ships suitable for Antarctic exploration.

After encountering heavy seas en route to Heard Island, the L.S.T. 3501 had difficulty in landing her stores, but a fortnight of calm weather at the end of December and the beginning of January enabled the operation to be completed. The heavy stores included a bulldozer, an invaluable piece of equipment in preparing the camp site. Two hundred drums of oil were lowered from the side of the L.S.T. 3501 and floated ashore, aided by wind and tide. Large quantities of timber for huttage also had to be landed. There was a desperate race against time to haul the last pontoon ashore after it had been battered by heavy seas and had sprung a leak.

THE AUSTRALIAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION ESTABLISHES A BASE ON HEARD ISLAND

THE M.O. BUILDS A TEMPORARY HOME ON HEARD ISLAND : Dr. A. R. Gilchrist, of Sydney, engaged in tent drainage operations after firmly setting up and firmly pegging down his tent on the windswept plateau. Tremendous gales made the first days on the island very difficult for members of the Australian Antarctic Expedition, but as more and more heavy stores were brought ashore members were able to move from tents into huts. The advance party landed on the island before Christmas, and Dr. Evatt, acting Prime Minister of Australia, announced on December 28 that Group-Captain Stuart Campbell and his men had just raised the Australian flag on the island, and were progressing with the allotted task of inaugurating a Class "A" weather station there. Heard Island lies in the far south of the Indian Ocean, mid-way between the northern limit of the drift ice and the northern limit of the pack ice

THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN POST-OFFICE TO BE ESTABLISHED IN THE ANTARCTIC : It was opened on Christmas Day, despite the notice at the entrance declaring that no business would be transacted on Sundays and at Christmas. The notice-board also provides the gratuitous information that the nearest phone booth is at the corner of Mitchell Street and Busselton Road, Fremantle, West Australia, 2,400 miles away. Before the L.S.T. 3501 sailed on the return journey to Melbourne no fewer than 8,000 envelopes were franked at the post-office, many of them addressed to philatelists in many parts of the world

A RESIDENT OF HEARD ISLAND EXPRESSES RESENTMENT : Mr. A. V. Gotley, of Sydney, one of the meteorologists of the Australian Antarctic Expedition, warily greets an angry sea elephant

Below—**A VISIT TO THE PENGUIN PARADE-GROUND : A member of the expedition with some of the penguins which have their colony at the foot of perilous cliffs.** The official photographer at once set about making a film of domestic life among the penguins, of which there are said to be more than 10,000. Although a bird, the penguin cannot fly, its wings having degenerated into flippers. In that remote past when the Antarctic was neither desolate nor ice-bound, the climate was mild and forests of peat beds existed where ice now rules. At that time, it is believed the penguins could fly, finding their sustenance on vegetables and insects which flourished on the land

"BIG BEN" IS MONARCH OF HEARD ISLAND—THE SNOW-CAPPED PEAK, OFFICIALLY KNOWN AS MOUNT EMPEROR WILLIAM, TOWERS TO A HEIGHT OF 9,500 FT. AND IS PERPETUALLY CLOTHED IN SNOW : This aerial picture would seem to indicate that there is an easy approach to the summit from at least one direction, and confirmation on this point will doubtless be forthcoming from the Australian Expedition. Mariners have always referred to the peak as "Big Ben"

The Australian Antarctic Expedition, led by Group-Captain Stuart Campbell, has accomplished an initial stage in its programme by occupying Heard Island, but it has suffered a severe setback through damage sustained by the headquarters ship *Wyatt Earp*, Lincoln Ellsworth's celebrated vessel, which has evidently responded badly to the fitting of a 480-h.p. Diesel engine. At any moment now, however, repairs will be completed, and *Wyatt Earp* is expected to leave for Commonwealth Bay in the heart of the Antarctic, where it is hoped to wrest some of the geological and scientific secrets of the unknown continent. Meanwhile, the fourteen scientists whom Group-Captain Campbell has left on Heard Island will continue to furnish meteorological information and continue their studies of sub-Antarctica. Their weather reports will be of the utmost value in Australia, both for flying men and agriculturists, and it now seems probable that the Commonwealth Government may see fit to make Heard Island a permanent weather station. Another meteorological station will be at Macquarie Island, also on the fringe of the Antarctic. This lies 1,300 miles south of Melbourne, and it is possible that it will be the expedition's main base

On left—**THE EMERGENCY FUEL DUMP ON KERGUELEN ISLAND : Before the L.S.T. 3501 landed the party on Heard Island this stock of fuel was left at Kerguelen, which lies 100 miles to the north of Heard. One hundred and fifteen drums of dieselene were placed on the dump, together with a label declaring that they were for the "Wyatt Earp"**

Above — **A COUPLE OF OLD INHABITANTS : The bull sea elephant opened his jaws wide and protested violently when the official photographer approached to take this close-up. The sea elephant's spouse took the intrusion complacently**

DECIDING THE SHAPE OF THE NEW LONDON

A Public Inquiry at Guildhall to Settle the Question of Compulsory Purchase

MR. K. S. DODD HEARS THE EVIDENCE: The Inspector of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning presiding at the opening meeting at the Guildhall of the public inquiry held to hear objections to the City of London plan for the compulsory purchase of tracts of war-devastated property for redevelopment

After the Great Fire of London, Londoners missed the opportunity of rebuilding the City on a new and finer plan devised by Wren. Greed and self-seeking had much to do with that architectural débâcle. It seems certain now that the Londoners of 1948 are not going to miss the opportunity created by the Luftwaffe, for the Corporation of the City is seeking a Declaratory Order to acquire by compulsory purchase about 41 per cent. of the land area of the City, and to plan that area for the benefit of all. Although over 300 objectors came forward before the Guildhall Inquiry, it was obvious that many of them were prepared to compromise, and that the Corporation was willing to allow them to go ahead with development plans on their own account providing they did not fall foul of the overall scheme. It was on receiving assurances in this relation that Mr. Michael Rowe, K.C., withdrew objections on behalf of his client in the British Insurance Association. Sir Walter Monckton, who spoke on behalf of the Corporation, outlined the proposed declaratory area, and emphasised the importance that would be given by the City to the treatment of historical monuments.

VAST INTERESTS ARE AT STAKE: A general view of the gathering in the war-devastated Guildhall as Mr. K. S. Dodd prepared to hear more than 300 objectors give their views on the City of London's plan of compulsory purchase. The areas involve approximately 41 per cent. of the land area of the City exclusive of the Temple, Fleet Street

STUDYING THE OBJECTIONS MAP: Visitors to the Guildhall examining the areas which the Corporation of the City of London wishes to acquire for development. *On left*—Sir Walter Monckton, K.C., who is acting for the Corporation, is seen addressing the gathering. He said that this was an opportunity and a challenge to repair and take advantage of the devastation of war, and he urged that St. Paul's must, in stone and spirit, be a central feature of this redevelopment. Seated at the tables are representatives of City firms involved in the redevelopment

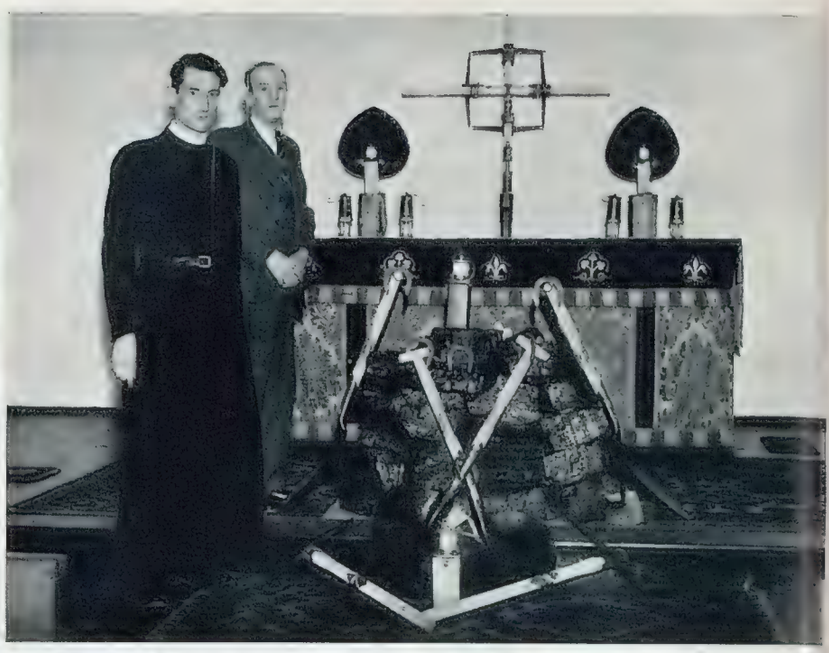
AN ANCIENT CEREMONY REVIVED AT ETON—THE RECENT SITTING OF COURT LEET IN COLLEGE HALL: Court Leet consists of freeholders and tenants of the Manor of Eton, Eton-cum-Stockdales and Colenorton, and its practical function is to appoint a bailiff of the manor, whose duty it is to see that the common and lammas rights are properly exercised

The COURTS LEET and BARON sit at ETON

Eton's Provost and Fellows, as Lords of the Manor of Eton, recently called the feudal manorial courts, dating from the reign of William I, for the first time since 1914, as cattle grazing on Eton Great Common had strayed and damaged allotments and private gardens. For the past thirty-four years management of the common and the exercise of lammas rights has fallen into an unsatisfactory state, so the courts were called to rectify the situation. Owners and tenants of the manor were summoned to Eton College Hall, and, after a description of the procedure, the Court Leet was declared in session. Consisting of freeholders and tenants, the Court's main function is to appoint a bailiff of the manor. Mr. Bond, temporary bailiff, was appointed and approved by the jury, which had been elected after the opening. Court Leet was declared at an end and Court Baron then sat, which consists only of freeholders, and which appoints a hayward to act as assistant to the bailiff

THE GENERAL COURT BARON WHICH FOLLOWED COURT LEET: Seated at the bench from left to right are Mr. R. Hall; P. V. Mackinnon (the Bursar); A. L. Carter (Deputy Steward of the Courts), who presided; the Provost of Eton (Sir C. Henry K. Marten, K.C.V.O.); the Vice-Provost (A. E. Conybeare); and the Headmaster (C. A. Elliott). Court Baron consists of freeholders only, and an appointed jury, also of freeholders. Among other duties, they are responsible for regulating the management of the common and lammas land. Lammas land is officially described as cultivated land that is thrown open after the harvest to common pasturage until sowing time

STRIKING THE AUSTERITY MEDALS FOR WINNERS IN THE 1948 OLYMPIAD: Mr. G. W. Barnes, of Orpington, Kent, stamping out the awards at a London works. This year the medals are to be of oxydised silver instead of gold. *Inset on right*—**The reverse and obverse of the Olympic medal design. A symbolic Grecian chariot adorns the obverse, and the reverse bears an impression of the Palace of Westminster. The five intertwined circles represent the five Continents, and above them is the legend XIV Olympiad, London, 1948**



A DURHAM MINING VILLAGE HOLDS A SERVICE FOR MINERS: The Vicar of the Church of the Ascension, Easington, the Rev. R. A. Beddoes, and Mr. M. B. Williams, a colliery storeman, standing beside the altar, which was adorned with miners' lamps, picks, shovels, pit-ponies' shoes, and a heap of gleaming coal. Later the Vicar conducted a broadcast service in the "Work and Worship" series, a miner, a colliery office worker, and a boy trainee taking part. Prayers were said for the safety of mineworkers and for harmony throughout Britain's mining industry

HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

LONDON PAYS HOMAGE TO SCOTLAND'S NATIONAL POET: Mr. Alexander Campbell, from Stewarton, Ayrshire, the Vice-President of the Burns Club in London, laying a wreath at the base of the Burns Memorial in the Embankment Gardens, near the Strand. The Burns anniversary, it appears, has been rather neglected by the B.B.C., and in a letter to the Press Mr. Frederick Bain has pointed out that, apart from the Scottish Regional programme, there was no mention of the poet on any of the three major National wave-lengths. In Scotland the celebrations were on the usual scale. At the Burns Supper in the Scottish Art Club, Edinburgh, it fell to Mr. W. O. Hutchison to propose "The Immortal Memory." He declared that Burns was a man whose sympathy was so wide that he seemed almost as inconsistent as Nature herself. "He was at the same time a Jacobite, a revolutionary, and a supporter of King George; at another an advocate of free love, yet the author of "The Cotter's Saturday Night'"

NEAR EASTERN ENVOYS IN LONDON: Tewfik Pasha Abuahuda (centre), the Prime Minister of Transjordan, with Fauzi Pasha Mulqi (left), Communications Minister, and Glubb Pasha, Commander of the Transjordan Arab Legion, seen on arrival in London for talks with Mr. Bevin. The delegation was here to discuss with the British Government the revision of the Anglo-Transjordan Treaty and matters relating to the withdrawal of British troops from Palestine. Transjordan has had an independent Government since April 1923, and the subsequent Treaty, confirming this independence, was ratified in 1929. In March 1946 Great Britain recognised Transjordan as a sovereign State. With the departure of British troops from Palestine, the Treaty conditions require some modification

SCHOOLBOY BRICKLAYERS LEARN THE TEAM SPIRIT: At the Northern Polytechnic, London, schoolboys are taking a three-year course, which includes practical bricklaying, and here they are at work on a design specially planned to develop their powers of co-operation. After three years at the school they will be accepted as apprentice bricklayers, and they will continue as apprentices for a further four years. On the left are Paul Archer, aged fourteen, who holds the plan, and Edward McManus who is visualising. About forty boys are engaged on the course

BOUND FOR THE BLUE WATERS OF THE SOUTH SEAS: Any day now the 40-ton converted trawler "Gold Seal" will slip from her mooring at Falmouth, Devon, and set out across the world. Heading for the South Seas in the tiny ship will be five young men, a woman and her baby girl. Owner of the vessel and organiser of the expedition is thirty-two-year-old Canadian-born scientist Rex Mitchell, an industrial chemist and a former "back-room" boy who suffered severe facial burns in an accident. Together with his wife and two-year-old baby daughter, Jinty, he will have as shipmates Mr. John Widmer, twenty-four, a wartime Spitfire pilot, who will skipper the *Gold Seal*; twenty-two-year-old Mr. "Ricky" Lang, also an ex-Spitfire pilot; twenty-year-old Frank Nixon, ex-Fleet Air Arm; and Paul Gill, an experienced local sailor and an ex-Royal Engineer. The vessel will be away from Britain for about four years

THERE IS TO BE A NEW "CRESTED EAGLE" ON THE THAMES: Here she is being fitted out at Surrey Docks for her coming activities in the spring and summer, when she will join the "Royal Daffodil" and the "Royal Eagle" in carrying holiday-makers. The new "Crested Eagle," replacing the celebrated steamer lost at Dunkirk, is a twin-screw, Diesel-engined boat. She was formerly known as the "Royal Lady," and before the war was well known to holiday visitors to the north-east coast

ADOLF SCHWARZTRAUBER RECEIVES THE R.S.P.C.A.'S BRONZE MEDAL FOR BRAVERY: He is seen here wearing the medal and showing the certificate to fellow-prisoners-of-war at the camp at Merrow, near Guildford. Schwarztrauber was awarded the medal for his action at Halfpenny Farm, St. Mathas, Surrey, in November 1947, when a barn caught fire. He and a fellow-prisoner, Froessl, broke into the barn to release a cow which was trapped by the flames. Froessl had to give up, but Schwarztrauber continued in his efforts and was badly burned, but he released the animal. The R.S.P.C.A. approached the War Office and requested that the hero-prisoner should be given an earlier release date

THE NEW ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET: Admiral Sir John Cunningham, the First Sea Lord, whose promotion to the Royal Navy's highest rank has been approved by the King. Sir John, who has been Chief of the Naval Staff since 1946, was Fourth Sea Lord during the period 1941-43, and he was responsible for the supply of Allied Forces in Africa. As Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean he planned and executed the South of France and Anzio landings

THE MILLER AND HIS ONE-MAN MILL: Miller Arthur Daines in the grinding-room of Billingford Mill, Norfolk. The only unusual feature about Billingford Mill is that it mills. One of the last working survivors of its species in Norfolk, which once boasted more windmills than any county in Britain, it is now paying its way again, grinding corn as it was ground before power-driven mills were thought of—and more cheaply than they can do it even now. Miller Arthur Daines served during the war in destroyers in the Mediterranean and in aircraft-carriers in the Pacific. When he returned to Billingford in August 1945 he had £300 put by to spend on bringing the family windmill as up-to-date as it was in the last century. He spent it on canvasing and painting the vanes which form the sails and on building a new flyer, retimbering the floors and renewing the cogs in the wheels

IF YOU CAN RECOGNISE ANYTHING OF YOURS HERE, RING WHITEHALL 1212: This jewellery, recovered in Flying Squad raids, was displayed at Scotland Yard on January 23. Among the items awaiting collection are a miniature Dictionary in a silver case, 2 ins. by 1 in., with a magnifying-glass in the lid, and a silver compact with a map of India on the lid, with the chief towns picked out in rubies

PRINCESS ELIZABETH SUPERVISES THE DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD PARCELS: The parcels, made up from food sent to Britain as a wedding gift for the Princess and the Duke of Edinburgh, are being packed at Buckingham Palace by members of the W.V.S., and they are being distributed throughout the British Isles. The recipients are mostly old-age pensioners

THE SEALYHAM PACK

The Short-legged Dogs Go Hunting in the Undergrowth Around Welwyn

SEALYHAMS GO HUNTING: Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas with his pack in the woods near Welwyn Garden City, where they are helping with the campaign to eliminate rabbits, grey squirrels and foxes in Hertfordshire

The Hertfordshire War Agricultural Committee has been fighting a losing battle against hordes of rabbits, grey squirrels and foxes since open trapping was abolished a year ago. Hounds have found it difficult to operate in the dense undergrowth, but since Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas offered to lend his Sealyham pack, they have had a number of successful days. It is a sight to see as the Sealyhams dash into the woodlands in search of their quarry, spreading far and wide as the scent takes them through the undergrowth. Sir Jocelyn, who is M.P. for Portsmouth South, is an expert on field sport, and his books and articles on the Sealyham terrier are well known. He shows by his handling of the pack which has been operating near Welwyn that he is a master of both theory and practice in regard to working terriers. Other counties in Southern England are encountering the same problems in pest control, and it is probable that they will now seek Sir Jocelyn's advice in view of the success of the Hertfordshire experiment

THE HOUNDS ARE UNLEASHED: Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas with his Sealyham pack (and terrier friends) arriving at Welwyn to help the Herts War Agricultural Committee in its war on pests. Larger hounds have proved unable to tackle the menace as they do not work well in the thick mass of undergrowth, but the Sealyhams seem to be in their element. Sir Jocelyn, who is on the committee of the Kennel Club, is an expert on hunt and working terriers, particularly Sealyhams

THE START OF A DRIVE THROUGH THE WOODS NEAR WELWYN GARDEN CITY: Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas (third from right) with guns, beaters, and Sealyham pack when crossing a railway in a thickly wooded area. On the day when this picture was taken the bag was over fifty rabbits, two grey squirrels and four foxes

SONJA HENIE DANCES THE "TRINIDAD CALYPSO": The world figure-skating champion turned film-star photographed at the opening of her 1948 Hollywood Ice Revue in Madison Square Garden. Sonja Henie was born in Oslo, thirty-four years ago. She learned to skate when she was eight and, three years later, won the championship of Norway. At eighteen she came to London and studied ballet-dancing under Madame Karsavina. She was ten times world figure-skating champion and three times Olympic Games champion before starting her very successful film career in 1937 with *One In a Million*

DRAMA FOR THE YOUTH CLUBS: The National Association of Boys' Clubs Theatre rehearses in the loft of an oast-house at Cranbrook, in Kent. In the foreground are (left to right): Ronald Waterman, Alexander Robertson, Peter Ryan and Kenneth Martin. This travelling theatre is designed to stimulate interest in the drama in youth clubs all over Britain. Mr. Anthony Thomas is drama adviser and director of the boys, whose ages range from 15 to 18 years of age and who come from all over the country. The tour begins after a show in Cranbrook, and the company travels by bus, together with all their props, costumes, lighting apparatus and a mobile stage. All the work of stage-managing, setting up the stage and the lighting is done by the boys themselves. Their repertoire contains a fourteenth-century farce, *The Worthy Master of Pierre Patelin*

NEWS of the THEATRE WORLD

MAE WEST IN PERSON: "Diamond Lil" displays her "rocks" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The provinces did not take too kindly to Mae West, and she did some rewriting of her play before bringing it to London. As a play it has had a poor reception, but Miss West's personality has saved the day and, when she sings sentimental music-hall songs of the 'nineties, all is well. After examining the first-night reviews Mae West was reported to have said: "My undulations may be unorthodox, my technique is different, but the people understand even if all the critics do not." The "people" gave her a great reception

Sally Cooper has already had considerable experience on the American stage. At the age of sixteen, after three months in a New York dramatic school, she joined a Summer Stock company and played with them for two years. She appeared in New York in John Gielgud's production of *Lady Windermere's Fan*; in *While the Sun Shines* and in *Annie, Sit by the Fire*. In the last, she played with Gladys Cooper as her daughter on the stage as she is in real life

SALLY COOPER MAKES HER ENGLISH STAGE DEBUT: Gladys Cooper's eighteen-year-old daughter plays at the "Q" Theatre

THE JUNIOR BOY IS GIVEN ADVICE BY THE PADRE: Ray Jackson as Martineau, James Hayter as the Padre, and Anthony Oliver as Digby in Travers Otway's play about school life, "The Hidden Years," at the Fortune Theatre. John Wyse produced *The Hidden Years* at the little Boltons Theatre last October. It received good notices from the critics and has now found a West End home at the Fortune Theatre. The play deals with a friendship between two schoolboys of different ages. They are suspected of immorality, and on this the plot of the play hinges. The most effective scenes are those in the masters' common room, which provide some amusing sidelights on that holy of holies. The play contains some good character studies

SANDHURST AND THE POST-WAR REGULAR ARMY

How It Is Setting About the Task of Training Cadets

By CHARLES GRAVES

FOR the first time since 1939 there are Under Officers at Sandhurst. This item of news may leave the average civilian quite unmoved, but must be of extreme interest to all Regular Army officers, past and present. It was just over a year ago that the first intake of future officers of Montgomery's New Army was admitted. The whole process was rather like starting a public school from scratch with no senior boys who could automatically be prefects or monitors. The first intake has now graduated to the point of being the senior class, and twelve Senior Under Officers and thirty-six Junior Under Officers have been duly appointed, together with a number of sergeants and corporals.

Last week the Commandant called the Under Officers together and told them of their privileges, authority and responsibilities. He told them, among other things, that they would have to run their companies, and what punishments they could give to an idle cadet in the form of extra drills; that they would have one extra week-end during the term, though they would have to return to Sandhurst one day early; that they can see their Company Commander whenever they like; and that they would wear an Austrian knot, with one ring below it, on their sleeve.

At this point it should be explained that officer cadets at Sandhurst arrive by one of two routes. An R cadet is any schoolboy between the ages of seventeen-and-a-half and eighteen-and-a-half who has passed the School Leaving Certificate, the Civil Service Commission's half-yearly examination, and the Sandhurst Selection Board at Knepp Castle, and who has also done a minimum of four months service in the ranks at an Arms Basic Training Unit. The E cadet has gone straight into the Army and, having been recommended by the Personnel Selection Officer for a commission, has also cleared the hurdle of a War Office Selection Board and has gone to his O.C.T.U., where, after three weeks, he has applied to go before the Sandhurst Selection Board at Knepp Castle. The E cadet is therefore somewhat older than the R cadet, and has longer to learn old-soldiers' tricks and more to unlearn in the way of drill when he goes to Sandhurst.

Regimental Sergeant-Major Brand—one of the most important links with pre-war Sandhurst—was most interesting on the subject when I discussed it with him. Among other things, he said that the officer cadet of to-day cannot be drilled with anything approaching the severity of his pre-war predecessor. This is borne out by the officer in charge of Physical Fitness at Sandhurst. He says that the boys tire much more quickly, get injured much more easily, and take much longer to make a complete recovery.

There is no doubt of it; our future officers are not being given enough to eat. Many of them are still growing. The Commandant has made a case for an increase of the rations allowed to each officer cadet. In the meantime, they are doing something like a sixty-hour week, and they simply do not get enough food. Proof of this is the statistic that every month the 1,350 of them eat 800 cwt. of slab cake, and this forms only a part of the "pastries" which they buy at the Fancy Goods Store—their equivalent of a N.A.A.F.I. Accommodation, moreover, is inadequate for officers, cadets and staff. The programme for hutted accommodation is, I am assured, well advanced, and "will go far towards the alleviation of the present difficulties." But at the moment a tiny office, meant for only one officer, is crammed with five; two cadets are crammed into a room which is barely large enough for one; and the curriculum should take at least two years.

Sandhurst has become a combination and enlargement of the pre-war Royal Military College and the pre-war Royal Military Academy (Woolwich), most of the trophies of the latter having been transferred to Camberley. With the exception of such corps as the R.A.M.C., the Royal Army Pay Corps, the Royal Army Veterinary Corps and the Chaplains, it is designed to train youngsters to become officers in every arm of the Service. Not only that, it is designed to give them "such a general education as educated men find necessary for intelligent intercourse with one another."

In the course of his time at Sandhurst the cadet does 1,040 hours of military subjects and 1,040 hours of civilian study, which includes all kinds of games. Thus, in a period of 52 weeks, he does 90 hours of modern subjects, such as history; 133 hours of science and maths; 36 of modern languages; 117 of special subjects—which may include almost all, if not all, of the above. During a similar period he will do 135 hours drill; 93 of administration; 92 of tactics; 63 of military history; 41 of map reading; and 23 of weapon training. The instruction in these military subjects has, of necessity, to be fairly general, because neither the cadet nor his instructors know to what branch of the Service he will ultimately go. True, if his position in the Order of Merit when he passes out is really high, he can be more or less certain of getting the regiment or corps of his choice. But so far the method whereby the War Office will allocate Arm and Regiment to each officer cadet has *not even yet* been decided.

As things are, the Royal Armoured Corps and the Infantry are the most popular, and "oversubscribed"; the Royal Engineers and R.E.M.E. are receiving just about the number of applications which they require; the Royal Artillery and the Royal Corps of Signals are not securing quite enough; the rest are receiving practically none at all, in spite of the vacancies. But the day has passed when the son of the colonel of a certain regiment could take for granted that he would go to it whatever his position was in the Order of Merit. That holds equally good of appointments as Under Officers. There is no reason why a Captain of Boats at Eton should almost automatically become an Under Officer.

Among the more interesting statistics is the fact that fifty-five of an intake of 300 cadets chose Russian as a modern language. Of these, about a dozen have had to give it up because they found it too difficult. The rest are coming along well, and by the time they have left Sandhurst, will be able to write and read the language quite easily, and will be able to talk it simply if, perhaps, jerkily.

Of the seventy civilian lecturers, all except two are ex-officers. Their military counterparts are all Regular Army officers, and with the possible exception of Biggin Hill in the autumn of 1940, I have never seen so many D.S.O.s in a single mess. The Commandant, Major-General F. R. G. Matthews, has a D.S.O.; one of his instructors has three; another has two; while many others have one. As for the Military Crosses and Military Crosses and rosette, I stopped counting them after a very short time. Nearly all the officers were subalterns at the outbreak of war, though many of them later commanded battalions, and some even commanded brigades. They are, therefore, professional survivors in their thirties, or even late twenties. And so, having had actual experience of warfare in the past eight years, they teach what they know without the aid of text-books. Major Bredin, D.S.O., M.C., of the Royal Ulster Rifles, is in charge of tactics and has a demonstration platoon of the East Lancs. always available. Like other senior instructors he, personally, compiles the lectures and provides the notes and helps to correct the examination papers. In this way lecturing is standardised in all three colleges—Old, New and Victory.

Among the other military subjects are driving and maintenance, signals and communications. The very latest walkie-talkie set, which weighs less, is less visible and less complicated to use, has already been introduced. D and M instruction is given in 3-tonners, 15-cwt. vehicles, jeeps and motor-bicycles. Over 200 civilian firms are co-operating with this wing, and many of them have lent standard motor-bicycles and vehicles for exhibition in the big hall built by Italian prisoner-of-war labour shortly before Sandhurst reopened. Extramural activities include a music society, a dramatic society, sketching, photography, chess, mountaineering, sailing, ski-ing, riding, motoring and motor-bicycling. Forty-six cadets went ski-ing last year and a similar number would have gone this year but for the currency restrictions.

There are many differences, naturally, between the officer cadet of 1948 and the gentleman cadet of 1939. The officer cadet is paid £7 10s. a month minimum, instead of his parents paying for him. (Indeed, large numbers of them actually send money home, the reverse of pre-war days, when the cadet was usually asking his parents to send him still more pocket money.) Games to-day are compulsory instead of being voluntary. Hours are much longer, though, as I have said, drill is less strenuous. The teaching staff is much younger; the cadets themselves are, roughly, six months older. Less then 30 per cent. are sons of Regular Army officers. But only a negligible quantity are inclined to think that to become an officer means less hours of responsibility, instead of more. So far, only a handful have been sent away as unsuitable, and the vast majority are rapidly assimilating an appreciation of what leadership involves and demands.

The last time I visited Sandhurst was during the war, when it was producing officers for the Royal Armoured Corps. In those days the cadets were still paid in cash; to-day, they are provided with a cheque-book and their money is paid into their account. The bank is run by the Royal Military Academy itself. It is the Commandant's view that officer cadets should learn about cheques as early as possible in their military career.

Next week I am going to Cranwell—the R.A.F.'s opposite number to Sandhurst. It will be interesting to see what happens there and how the boys are groomed for stardom, or, rather, for ultimately attaining the highest rank.

THE CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMY GENERAL STAFF PAYS A VISIT TO SANDHURST: General G. M. J. Revers being shown historic relics at the Academy by the Commandant, Major-General Matthews, D.S.O. General Revers, who has been returning the visit made to France by Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, organised resistance in the French Army against the Germans after the 1940 Armistice. In 1943 he became National Chief of the O.R.A.—the Organisation de Resistance de l'Armée—and a price was put on his head by the Gestapo. Despite this danger General Revers made frequent visits to Paris, where his friends kept him in hiding

SENIOR UNDER OFFICER BAKER TAKES CHARGE OF THE GUARD: The Under-Officer rank has now been reintroduced at Sandhurst. The Under Officers have special privileges and special responsibilities, having to run their own companies. The emblem of rank is the Austrian knot of herring-bone tape, worn on the sleeve above a single ring

AT SEA with the ARMY and the NAVY

ARMOURED VEHICLES SURGE THROUGH THE SURF TO MAKE AN ASSAULT AT CROWPOINT BEACH, NORTH DEVON: This picture was taken during recent amphibious exercises at the Combined Operations School. Smoke clouds roll over the beaches and machine-guns hammer incessantly as the vehicles roll ashore protected by an artillery barrage from ships standing out to sea. At this Combined Operations School Britain's staff officers of the future are taught the lessons of the Second World War, which was so notable for its many successful amphibious operations. One of the great discoveries prior to D-Day was the sealing of vehicles for landing operations, and it was found that even delicate radar equipment as well as heavy guns could be brought ashore through the surf without the towing vehicles breaking down. In trials it was even found that jeeps could be driven through 5 ft. of water with only the driver's head and shoulders visible. In practice this was never necessary, but the principle remains vitally important in the planning of amphibious assaults

Below—**H.M.S. "SIRIUS" STEAMS INTO PORTLAND HARBOUR:** On board this Home Fleet cruiser was the new C.-in-C., Vice-Admiral Sir Roderick McGrigor, who had come to inspect some of the remaining members of his much-diminished fighting force. In the background is the battleship "Howe," which remains in commission, together with the "Vanguard," the "Duke of York," the "George V.," and the "Anson." The total battleship strength of the Royal Navy is now reduced to nine, "Nelson," "Rodney," "Queen Elizabeth" and "Valiant" all having been scheduled for scrapping under the recent Admiralty order

New Lamps and Old

SOME VERY OLD ETONIANS

When They Were Very Young By JOHN GORE

ETON PORTRAITS.—The Picture Gallery in the Provost's Lodging.—Many people have their first favourite or ideal among the picture galleries of the civilised world which they have visited, and these favourites may be dethroned often enough and replaced. For the art of selecting and showing pictures is continually improving, and many a gallery, once a mere dingy repository of junk and treasure, is nowadays a model of what a place for the display of masterpieces should be.

Some have found their ideal in a great English country house, some in a public gallery in France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Britain or America. I have from time to time found my ideal in Edinburgh, in The Hague, in a country house near Norwich, and in a great house in the Midlands.

And now I am inclined to transfer my first favours to Eton, after an instructive and all-too-short initiation into the wealth of "leaving portraits" which hang in the rooms and up the staircase of the Provost's lodging. That famous building of red brick, erected between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries, is large enough in all conscience, and contains a dozen noble rooms, but it is not too large for its collection of pictures, which jostle each other on every foot of wall-space.

No doubt there must be rules and regulations governing an "ideal" picture gallery, and I fancy homogeneity of subject would be one of them. It was certainly that quality which gave perfection to the late Mr. Colman's gallery of Cotmans at Crown Point, Norwich. Here were displayed, with every aid and art of setting and arrangement designed to match, harmonise and bring out tones, the water-colour work of one great artist, Cotman, selected with infinite care. It was a "one man" show, in one medium, in a single field, and it was a history and a document of one master's progress to excellence in his art.

The same homogeneity has provided first favourites among private collections in single rooms or houses in England and America, while the smallness and charm and selection of many public galleries, notably in Paris, The Hague and Bruges, have done the same office for exhibitions not devoted to a single painter or a single field of art.

In the Provost's lodging at Eton, homogeneity is carried to the extreme in the field of art and in the medium and the subject. Practically every picture is a portrait of a boy or youth, done in oils and executed by the very best masters of portraiture in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. They represent the "leaving photographs" of prominent Etonians in a more spacious and privileged age, and the Headmaster who started the idea and put it into practice secured for the Foundation a treasure and a glory which can well be labelled priceless. He was Edward Barnard, who became Headmaster in 1754 and Provost in 1765. He raised the school's numbers from 300 to 500 and ruled his boys by ridicule. Dr. Johnson thought well of him. His great idea was to claim a portrait from boys, selected for future fame, in lieu of the customary "leaving fee." As Mr. Geoffrey Agnew has remarked, the prices of the fashionable painters of that day seem modest enough now. Reynolds, at the height of his fame, charged £25 to £30 for a "head and shoulders," Hoppner and Romney less.

Lawrence, whose prices soared, shares with these three the chief glory of the collection. But some of Lawrence's school of pupils, male *and* female, deserve honourable mention for the later additions. Barnard was a shrewd judge of character or else he recognised the conditions precedent to success in the days of privilege. He knew, for example, that a Grenville or a Fox, unless a congenital idiot, would become a name to make news, and that the heir to a palace and half-a-dozen rotten boroughs would pay better as a portrait on the wall than as a fee in the bank.

Of course, the dark horses sometimes upset his book. Arthur Wellesley was not "spotted"; and in such cases as his the error was repaired later on by Barnard's successors. We find a copy of D'Orsay's gentlemanly but ill-drawn picture of the Iron Duke done at the height of his fame—to keep alive the Playing Fields of Eton legend. Gladstone and Canning also escaped Barnard's net, but Canning, at any rate, "stood only on his head," and showed none of the pre-requisites of fame as a stripling.

I wonder what that gallery would be worth to-day, if slowly and judiciously disposed at Spencer House.

Take 100 portraits commissioned between 1750 and 1830 at an average fee of £25. . . . £2,500 for "probate valuation." Then take the prices paid during the past thirty years for the "plums" of Lawrence, Hoppner, Reynolds. Average the collection again, and I fancy you would touch six figures.

But why pursue so hideously material a speculation. As well might you try to price Killiecrankie on a fine October evening. . . .

The Little Victims.—It remains to say a few words about the sentiments which this gallery of youth, of golden youth and beauty, inspires in a middle-aged man of ordinary clay. I am sure sentient human beings are liable to over-sentimentalise childhood and youth, its hopes and fears and sufferings. Children are often more material and realist, harder and more practical, than their elderly selves.

We incline to exaggerate the agonies of "going back to school," the sorrows of childhood. We forget that vital and invaluable asset of youth, the power to throw off sorrow quickly. We wring our hearts over the new boy at the London terminus joining the school train. Often enough, his tears have yielded to the consolation of a bull's-eye before he is clear of the suburbs, and he is ragging with his fellow-victim before our own cab deposits us at our door still grieving. Certainly a Robert Cecil at Eton was always *rara avis*. Gray and West and Walpole, none of them old-school-tie types, could enjoy themselves vastly at Eton, as can their counterparts to-day and with profit.

Yet if a distant prospect of Eton College could inspire Gray to such flights of sentiment, to a philosophy so tragic, concerning the hopes and disappointments of youth, surely this nearer view, the close-up, this very personal document of golden boyhood, launched with every favouring circumstance, must more insistently point the sad moral of disillusion.

"Golden lads all must as chimney-sweepers come to dust." Here from the Provost's walls, all that was loveliest in face and form, dressed in the comeliest fashions of any era, launched into the world under the most favourable auguries, scores and scores of golden lads look down on us. What became of them? What was the end of all those high hopes and that golden promise? For many no doubt the average ration of human happiness, love, companionship, reasonable achievement, "hosts of friends"; it was given them to see their children's children and peace upon Israel. On the whole, they were lucky in their generation, as squires, public servants, parsons, soldiers, sailors. . . . For many, a higher destiny was reserved, in Parliament and public life, in the Services. Here among the many bright faces are famous men—premiers, chancellors, ministers, generals, admirals, bishops, writers, poets, artists, thinkers. And yet, among some of the brightest of these faces and hopes, a tragic fate lies hidden behind those young eyes—hidden then, but now revealed by history.

It was their fate in their easy, graceful, spacious, privileged days to suffer far more than we in our warfare and austerities and anxieties that "insufferable sufficiency of breath" which is the penalty of security and luxury, of ease and indulgence. They ate and drank themselves into early graves. They poured their fortunes down the drain or trembled for their wealth when a property-tax of twopence was proposed.

In sheer despair and disillusion, they took their lives untimely. Did not Whitbread, Romilly, Castlereagh follow this desperate way of escape within a matter of months?

I doubt if the average life of all these golden boys was fifty-five years. If that gallery of portraits had been continued to this day, I wonder whether the poignancy had been greater or less in the later generations. Greater, at the first thought. Two world-wars must have reduced the average expectation of life far below fifty-five for the portraits between 1910 and 1940. But on second thoughts, I am not so sure. The golden youth of the lost generations of our wars knew nothing of the greatest tragedy of all in human life, that "insufferable sufficiency of breath," that disillusion which derives from surfeit, not from austerity, rises from the soul and not from the setting of human life.

"These put the world away, poured out the red, sweet wine of youth"; and in our memories their eyes to-day still shine with all the youth and hope and promise which look down on us from the faces of their eighteenth-century predecessors.

"Was here the one thing needful to distil
From Life's alembic,
through this holier fate,
The man's essential soul?"

It was a Harrovian who asked that question.

Whom the gods love, escape disillusionment. Yet I am thankful the Provost's gallery was not enlarged into our own days.

THE SCARS OF WAR AT ETON—A NEW VIEW OF A FAMED SPOT: The Eton quadrangle seen from the highway following recent demolitions to make way for new building. The original damage to the quadrangle was caused by a delayed-action bomb which burst twenty-four hours after it landed in December 1940. It is hoped that the repairs to the quadrangle will be completed in time for this year's Fourth of June celebrations at the College

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A GALLERY OF NORFOLK WORTHIES

R. W. Ketton-Cremer Describes Some More Outstanding Characters in His Chosen County

I SUPPOSE that the only thing that Norfolk has in common with Dorset—apart from their both being English coastal counties with inadequate train services—is that both have produced a splendid variety of English characters. Norfolk possibly leads in this, or else its figures have had better treatment from the biographers, and certainly Mr. R. W. Ketton-Cremer has done honourably and well by his chosen county. His latest book, A NORFOLK GALLERY (Faber. 21s.), is, in my view, an even more absorbing collection of portraits than his last on approximately the same subject.

Bishop Hall of Norwich, who submitted to hardship and persecution under the reign of Archbishop Laud and the Bishops' Bench, and remained, in the words of a contemporary, "a person of singular humillity, patience and pietie," and whose monument in a little parish church was destroyed 300 years later by German bombs; the Jacobite, Christopher Layer, who "suffered an ignominious death at Tyburn" in 1723, for his faithful adherence, and whose memorial was erected by that friend of England's, Prince Frederick Duleep Singh, in 1908; Humphrey Repton, who, in his early days as an eighteenth-century landscape gardener, once observed that: "The sea at Sheringham is not like that of the Bay of Naples"; and many others who have contributed to the strong and original county characteristics of a beautiful and blessedly remote part of England, are accounted for here.

BATH (Faber. 12s. 6d.) is a welcome reprint of Miss Edith Sitwell's study of a city of which Mr. Priestley once wrote that "It might have been built so that she could write a book about it. The hey-day and the old age of Beau Nash are responsible for enchanting passages in this, and of the eulogies written after his death Miss Sitwell says: 'In this manner was the light, glittering and warm dust that was Beau Nash, blown away . . .'"

Poet's words for a man, a city and an era that had much of the poetic about them.

Mr. Clifton Reynolds, apparently to his own surprise, had a success during the war and immediately after it, with his records of his own experiences as a farmer in the Home Counties. The *Glory Hill Farm* books seem to have been read and appreciated by a fairly wide circle of people who either had first-hand knowledge of what it meant to start a farming career in those times or who were eager for information.

His new book is his AUTOBIOGRAPHY (Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.), and although this naturally covers a wider range, it has the same flavour of artless frankness and the practical approach to problems, whether material or emotional.

THE PHŒNIX CUP (Cresset Press. 12s. 6d.) is a portrait of Japan in 1946, by a writer and observer well-qualified to study a country whose people and language were so well known to him. During the war, Mr. John Morris was in charge of the B.B.C.'s broadcasting to the Far East, and he revisited the country at their request as a special correspondent. A selection of his own photographs illustrate the book more appropriately than a search through official files might have done. I seem to remember, from pre-war days, that the author was no mean hand with a Leica.

Mr. Morris's findings are fresh, provocative and sensible withal, and his opinion of the American policy in Japan is particularly worth studying.

There are no Biblical overtones to the story of THE PUBLICAN'S WIFE (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.); a more than ordinarily effective reconstruction of the career, since it deserved that term, of a middle-aged woman. Sally Whitehead—"Storrs as used to be"—kept a pub in an English seaport. She knew about sailors, knew about running a respectable establishment, and knew about life and love from first-hand experience. None of her knowledge or experience made her particularly happy, but, as she saw things bungled by her younger friends, she often thought of the advice she might have given them, and didn't give them, because she knew it would have been rejected.

In fact, Mr. Robin Estridge's able novel is an exercise on the theme of "*Si jeunesse savait—si vieillesse pouvait*," and remarkably well he has done it. It would have been easy, and fatal, to sentimentalise the ageing woman whose scrupulous black-with-orchids has made her a character in the neighbourhood, and who had survived the death of a roistering but beloved husband to be married to a weak, weaselly little prig, but Mr. Estridge has conscientiously avoided this, and as a result his portrait is clear, convincing and moving. This is by far the best novel of the week, and recommended as such.

Mr. George Sava's novel CALL IT LIFE (Macdonald. 9s. 6d.) is melancholy without gusto, being the life-story of a woman who seems pursued by tragedy, misery, poverty and sheer bad luck from the day she is born to the last page of the recital, when better things, we are told, loom mistily and dubiously in the future. It is not an exhilarating recital, but it has its own power, and might appeal to a reader blessed both with compassion and a good digestion.

There are no high lights beyond the violent dramatics of attempted suicides and death by fire, but there is admittedly a consistent story line and a consistent purpose.

Miss Maureen Sarsfield is going to be a very good detective-story writer indeed one of these days, and in the meantime each of her three novels deserves to be read and, I may say, enjoyed. It is certainly no effort to study her development as a writer in her latest book, DINNER FOR NONE (Nicholson and Watson. 8s. 6d.), which is a perfectly good whodunit of classical antecedents and smooth performance. All I would like to point out is that Miss Sarsfield is bound to better this before long.

The scene here is almost too easy for one of her talent: a country-house hotel, in which the rich and apparently convivial guests are snowed up for a night with a C.I.D. Inspector, and where murder and terror break loose.

Despite that, however, the book certainly marks an occasion for spending a diverting evening by a warm fireside, snowbound or otherwise.

First novels may be solid, patchy, diverting, tragic or just promising. It is too easy to say that they are generally autobiographical, but it is true to say that they are seldom ironical or witty. Vera Birch's, in its own degree, is both. GAME FOR ONE PLAYER (Cresset Press. 8s. 6d.) has both a plan and a theme. The plan is neat, and the theme, though dispiriting, is a valid one.

The author tells the story of a good-looking, amusing and evidently amoral young man whose friends' lives are all unconsciously affected by him, although his light touch disclaims any responsibility, and who successfully continues his own way through death, disaster and other people's drunkenness.

There is no doubt that Vera Birch's writing will be compared with Evelyn Waugh's. Her publishers have taken this line already and many readers will follow. This will partly be because of the setting in an irresponsible London life, but mostly because wit is rare and comparisons obvious.

ONCE A HIDING-PLACE OF SMUGGLERS, LATER AN INN, RECENTLY A DWELLING-HOUSE, AND NOW A CHURCH HALL: In the Kentish village of Chalk lies the Lord Nelson, which some thirty years ago hauled down its sign as an inn and became a private dwelling-house. It has remained the Lord Nelson to the people of the village, however, and now that it has become the church hall of the parish and has been given the name of St. Mary's House, it will be interesting to see how long it will take for the new name to supplant the old. The Lord Nelson is said to have been a hiding-place for smugglers who in earlier days escaped detection by bringing their treasure across the marshes from the Thames. In the six years before the war the parish of Chalk increased in population from 560 to about 3,000, and the new hall is vitally needed for parochial activities

PHONETICAL FANCIES

A Glasgow Publisher Has Ambitious Plans for the English Language

From Scotland comes another villainous attack upon the English language, or, alternatively, another noble attempt to deal with the barbarities of our spelling. It all depends how you feel about phonetics. Mr. Peter D. Ridge-Beedle, a Glasgow publisher, has decided that the time has come to modify the English alphabet so that our language may spread throughout the world. Accordingly, he has prepared an alphabet which he says will enable each word to be spelled as it is pronounced and pronounced as it is spelled. All we have to do, it seems, is to learn the new characters, set the system going, and Czechs, Poles, Rumanians, Bulgars, Malays, Hottentots and Thais, recognising its paramount virtues, will rush to embrace the universal tongue. Mr. Ridge-Beedle takes as an example the word "bomb." The final "b," he declares, is quite superfluous, and, what is more, it causes a 25 per cent. waste of time. "I can scribble the word 'bomb,'" he says, "eighteen times in one minute, and 'bom' twenty-four times." There are hosts of words, like siv (sieve), lakr (lacquer) and ges (guess), which offer an even greater saving, and it is only "becos we hav stif nekz" that we continue with this appalling waste of time. This, in essence, is Mr. Ridge-Beedle's argument, which he sets out in WHY NOT ENGLISH? (Stratford Press. 10s. 6d.). His new alphabetical characters are reproduced in detail in his book, and accompanied by some weighty statistical reasoning, but the author does not explain what the printer and fellow book publishers are going to say when they see some of the ugly new letters designed for the modified alphabet. That is but one of a host of obstacles he will have to surmount, and we can be quite sure that there is a vast army of Sassenachs who will have none of this tinkering with our tongue.

Mr. Leopold Amery, journalist and statesman, knows as much about the Dominions and Britain's Colonial Empire as any man living. What he writes is more likely than not to be above party, and so lucid is he in expression, it is certain to be understood by all. In THE AWAKENING (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.), Mr. Amery gives Britain his plan for the future, how we may save ourselves, and by what emergency measures we can keep our heads above water. We must break away, he says, from the out-of-date policy the United States is attempting to reimpose on us, take advantage of an expanding home market, and engage in the development of our vast and still largely undeveloped Imperial resources. Mr. Amery, remembering his Conservative background, does not agree wholly with the present Government's plans for State-controlled colonial development, but there is clearly enough a pat on the back for Mr. Arthur Creech Jones from this elder statesman, just as there is a warning finger pointed at the figure of George Marshall.

Before the year 751 A.D. no one beyond the confines of China knew the art of making paper. In that year the secrets of the craft were revealed in Samarkand by some Chinese prisoners of war, and thus began in the Middle East a new industry which rapidly spread throughout the Arab dominions to Baghdad, and so to Egypt, cultural centre of the Mediterranean world. Just over 1,000 years later Robert, a Frenchman, invented a paper-making machine, later perfected in England by Fourdrinier, and thus gave a new impetus to what was to become a mighty industry. In the space of 600 pages Dard Hunter, author of PAPER-MAKING (Pleiades Books. 63s.), marshals a vast array of historical facts and a mass of technical data in regard to past and present methods of production, welding the two into an absorbing narrative. The chapters on watermarking, and that often inevitable offshoot of watermarking, counterfeiting, are of fascinating interest, while the chronology of 120 pages gives this authoritative book an added value for the student.

Since the autumn of 1944 the Old Vic has revived its glorious tradition, giving us some memorable moments in the theatre with Sir Laurence and Sir Ralph interpreting some of the theatre's greatest dramatic roles. In THE OLD VIC (Saturn Press. 21s.) John Vickers provides a photographic record of the plays presented during the past three seasons, including *King Lear*, *Richard II*, *Peer Gynt*, *Œdipus Rex* and *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

THE SHAKESPEARE COMPANION (Saturn Press. 9s. 6d.) is described as a selective anthology designed for the modern reader. It consists of excerpts from thirty-four of the plays, and from the songs and sonnets. As a bedside Shakespeare this is well enough, but surely the price is a trifle high for a work that carries no author's copyright fees?

ELIXIRS OF LIFE (Faber and Faber. 16s.) is the work of Mrs. C. F. Leyel, whose herbals abound with painstakingly garnered wisdom. Here she deals with the herbs used from the earliest times to promote longevity.

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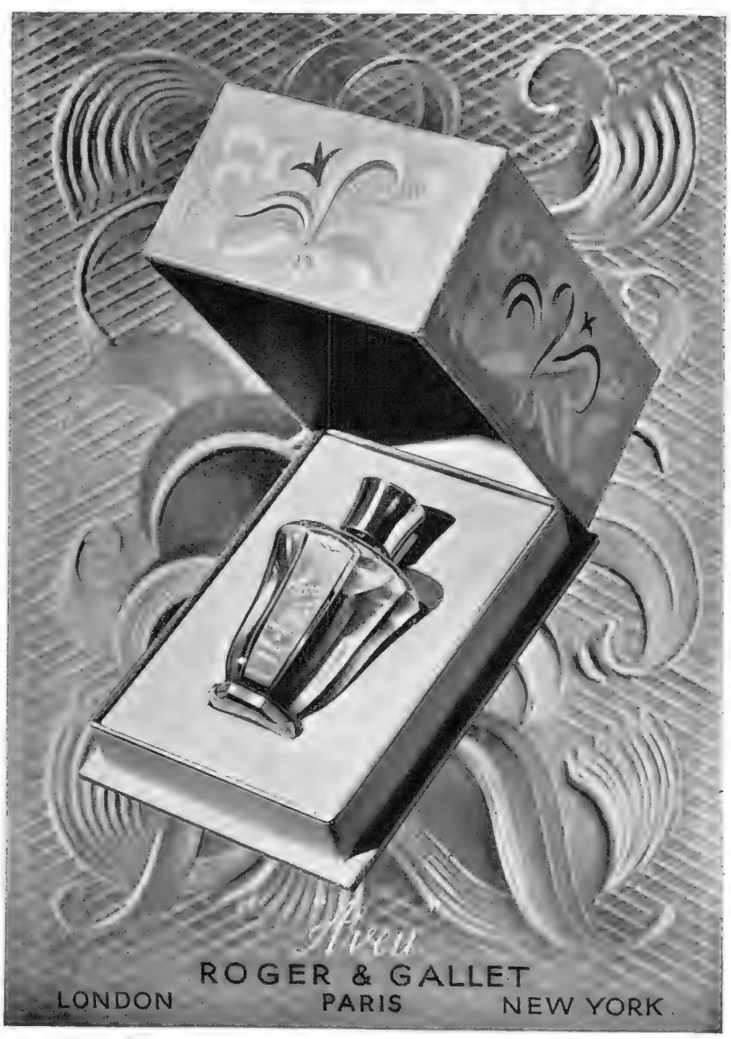

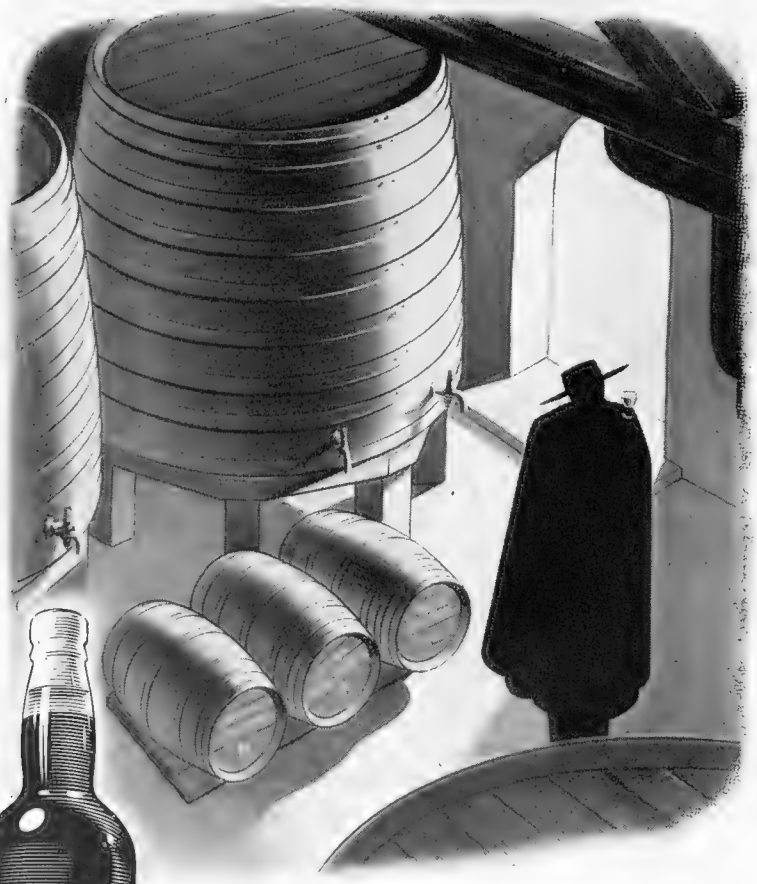

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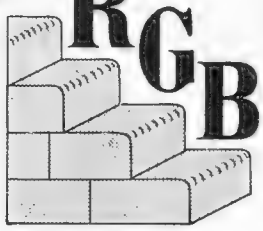

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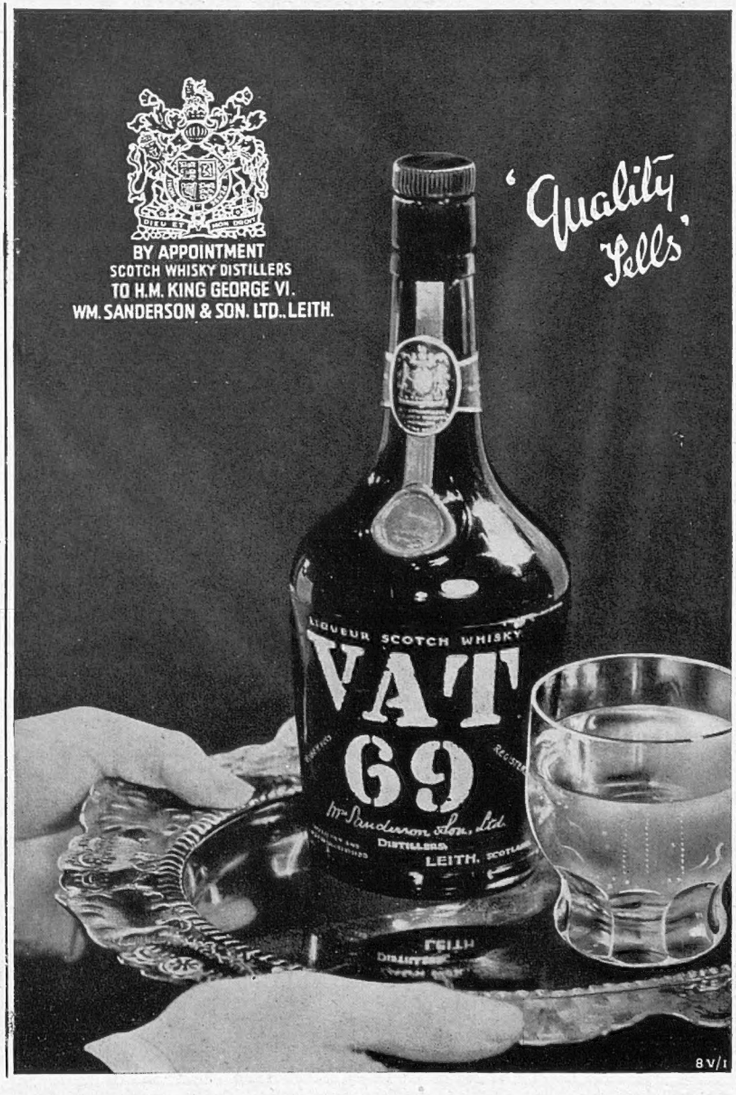

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